

# THE LITERARY WORLD.

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## THE LITERARY WORLD.

No. XX., June 19, 1847.

### CONTENTS.

#### ORIGINAL PAPERS.

HOMER'S ILIAD. TRANSLATED BY WILLIAM MUNFORD.

SOUTHEY'S LIFE OF WESLEY.

LIFE OF WILLIAM ALEXANDER, EARL OF STIRLING. BY W. A. DUER, LL.D.

TANCRED; OR, THE NEW CRUSADE. BY B. DISRAELI.

#### MISCELLANY.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

SONNET.

#### THE FINE ARTS.

SCULPTURE, ETC.

#### MUSIC.

THE OPERA OF SEMIRAMIDE.

THE TWO FOSCARI.

#### EXTRACTS FROM NEW BOOKS.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS.

#### VARIETIES.

THE INSPIRATION OF MUSIC.

MUMMY SCRIP FROM EGYPT.

CURIOUS INCIDENT.

ROME.

#### RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

THE AMERICAN LOYALISTS.

ST. CLAIR; OR, THE PROTEGE.

LIFE OF EDMUND KEAN, ETC., ETC.

#### PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR.

VATTEMARE'S LITERARY LEAGUE — ANNOUNCEMENTS — LIST OF ENGLISH BOOKS — LIST OF AMERICAN BOOKS — LIST OF GERMAN BOOKS — ADVERTISEMENTS.

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## Reviews.

*Homer's Iliad.* Translated by William Munford. In two volumes. Vol. I. Boston.

ADEQUATELY to translate the *Iliad* were the superlative work of a great genius—a work never yet done, never yet approached, never perhaps to be achieved, at least in the English language.

Even to conceive the idea, to undertake the task, to feel the confidence of power within sufficient to its completion, to persevere unto the end, argues a mind of no common order, a spirit of no limited grasp, an ambition so high as to ensure something of success.

That a Virginian gentleman, in this age, and in this country, both languishing beneath the Upas-like shadow of the tree of Mammon, with no possible hope of remuneration for his labor, and with little reasonable hope even of a barren fame, except from the judicious few—so few, alas! that their voices can rarely be heard so far as to the scholar's quiet den—that a Virginian gentleman, we say, under these circumstances, should have determined at an early period of his life to translate his favorite author, and that author Homer, and should have persevered unto the end, in the "intervals of leisure between the duties of many public stations and employments," is certainly a remarkable fact. May it be a sign of the advent of a better time—a time when the scholar's and the author's labors shall not be the only labors, neither paid for nor appreciated in America; when literary reputation shall not be the only reputation, which is purely worthless—perhaps to a man of business it is even detrimental; and when in this as in other countries, there shall be more gentlemen, than one or two, who cultivate the field of letters, for that they love the field itself, and rejoice in the labor, not for that they hope to reap a precious harvest.

So to love Homer, as to desire that justice should be done him in the line of our land's language; so to appreciate him, as to feel that no such justice has been yet done him; and so to understand him, as to be bold to the enterprise of essaying to translate him; lead us to look hopefully to the scholarship, respectfully to the good taste, and certainly with favor to the critical and poetical abilities of the bold aspirant.

In no respect, must the man who dares so loftily, be treated but with due respect—no blockhead could dream of such an undertaking even in these days, which are indeed a parisaical time for rampant blockheadism—if he fail, he fails where great poets have not, to say the least, succeeded—if he succeed, he shall win laurels of the unfadingest. In any case, there must be something in the man apart from the profane, therefore *sacer esto*, let him be set apart as a thing consecrate, whether unto good or evil; and, if criticism must use her keen-edged weapon on him, let

her do so reverently, carving him as a dish fit for gods, not mangling him as a carcass for the hounds.

Of Mr. Munford, the last translator of Homer, or his pursuits, we know positively nothing, except from the work before us, which we regret to perceive is posthumous. From his modest preface, we learn little more than this, that

"The author of this translation was induced to undertake it by fond admiration of the almost unparalleled sublimity and beauty of the original; neither of which peculiar graces of Homer's muse, has, he conceives, been sufficiently expressed in the smooth and melodious rhymes of Pope. It is true that the fine poem of that elegant writer, which was the delight of my boyish days, and will always be read by me with uncommon pleasure, appears in some parts more beautiful than even the work of Homer himself; but frequently it is less beautiful; and seldom does it equal the sublimity of the Greek."

This is correct, discriminating criticism; it shows the taste of the poet, and the appreciation of the scholar; it does not, however, go far enough. He should have added that, whether more beautiful or less beautiful, it is not Homer. It is Pope's *Iliad*; and a very beautiful *Iliad* is Pope's. But it is not Homer's *Iliad*, nor anything like Homer's *Iliad*; and any one who flatters himself with the idea that he has gained any ideas of Homer's thoughts, or style, or of the flow of his immortal verse, from reading Pope's version, is much in the same predicament as the cockney who should suppose himself to have gained a conception of the many-toned thunders of Niagara, from listening to the splashing of Mr. Renwick's cataract in the Bowring Green.

Mr. Munford proceeds to inform us, what we were not a little surprised to learn, that, "when the following work was commenced, and considerably in progress," he had not seen or heard of the translation by Cowper. "If," he proceeds, "that deservedly popular poet had manifested the same talents in that, as in his other works, I would have relinquished my enterprise as unnecessary and hopeless, but it must be admitted, even by his greatest admirers, that his version of Homer is a very defective production."

From this passage, we are led to conclude that to the very last, Mr. Munford was ignorant of the existence either of Sotheby's or Chapman's translations; the latter infinitely the grandest and most Homerical, in all respects, of all the versions of the great poet, although at times rough and obsolete.

Mr. Sotheby's work is also worthy of remark; more so certainly than Cowper's, whose cold tameness more than overpowers all the advantage which he derives from superior knowledge of his original, and consequent fidelity to the letter, though not to the spirit of Homer.

It is to be regretted, we think, that Mr. Munford should have been unacquainted with these poems; not that they by any means render his enterprise unnecessary and hopeless, but that they are both productions of great merit, although unequal; and that from both he might have taken hints, of beauties to be pursued, and errors to be avoided.

For the rest, we must put in our protest to what he says concerning Cowper; for there is nothing in all or any of the talents displayed by that writer, which would lead us for a moment to suppose him capable of soaring a flight so high as to emulate Homer's lowest pitch; or to deem him likely to translate him one iota better, or indeed one iota differently, than he has done.

But to return to our subject. Before proceeding to examine, which we intend to do fully, and in more than a single paper, Mr. Munford's translation of the *Iliad*, we shall devote a little space to the consideration of the causes of failure in past translators; the things requisite to constitute a good translation; and the peculiar difficulties opposed to the execution of this task, by the structure of the English language, and the nature of English versification.

The first great cause of failure, then, is to be found in the fact that no one of the translators of Homer hitherto, unless it be old Chapman—who, perhaps, cannot be said to have failed—has chosen a metre, which was at once suitable to the spirit and construction of his original, and to his own powers of wielding it.

The English heroic couplet, itself a beautiful and thoroughly English measure, capable of the highest finish, and of a very high degree of sublimity, is utterly unfitted for a medium through which to convert Greek or Latin Hexameters into English poetry—and for a most simple and obvious reason. The genius of the Heroic measure runs naturally, almost necessarily, into couplets. The sense frequently ends, almost invariably pauses, at the end of the second line; and never runs on, except in a series of appositions or antitheses, through a long series of broken and interrupted lines. Dryden and Byron, both of whom wielded the heroic measure with a bolder and more vigorous pen than Pope, have indeed shown that the couplet form may occasionally be broken with advantage; and that both force and spirit may be gained, without any sacrifice of polish, by judiciously carrying the sentences on, and interrupting the regular cadence of the verse, by pauses, or even abrupt terminations of the subject, in the middle of lines.

This, however, must only be resorted to with a sparing hand; as a variation of the monotonous rise and fall of the regularly succeeding couplet. For it must be regarded as much the property and rightful characteristic of the Heroic measure to fall into couplets, the meaning and measure coinciding, as it is of the blank verse to flow on into a series of cadenced verse; avoiding especially the recurrence of the same pauses, and never, if possible, having two successive colons, much less two successive periods, at the same syllable of the verse. So artificial, indeed, is the structure of this most difficult, and least understood, of all English metres, that in Milton, Shakspeare, Massinger, and the great masters of the measure, we shall rarely find two consecutive verses of the same harmony, or of the same number of syllables—for there is no grosser error in the world, than the common belief of those bards, who compose verses by counting on their fingers, that a blank verse is an English line consisting of ten syllables. It is very true, that an English line consisting of ten syllables may be, and sometimes is—though far less frequently than folk generally imagine—a blank verse; but the converse is far from being true. What a blank verse is, we shall point out hereafter, when we come to deal directly with Mr. Munford's translation; for the present sufficient, that it is not *that*, nor *such* like it.

Now to resume, the Greek and Latin Hexameters never run into couplet form, and are rarely or never found in complete single lines. It is a common fault with young composers in the dead languages to assume those forms, which are wholly incorrect, as any one can satisfy himself, by reading a hundred consecutive lines, taken up at random, of the *Iliad*, or

the Georgics—we mention these in particular, as being confessedly the finest and most finished productions of their respective authors. In fact the breaks of the Latin-Greek Hexameters are managed as artfully as those of our own blank verse of the truly English eras—the eras of Elizabeth and Charles—before the invasion of the French, which rendered the style of Addison and his contemporaries anything but Saxon English.

Therefore, the Hexameters of Homer and Virgil cannot be rendered into the Heroic couplet, any more than the Hexameters and Pentameters of Ovid or Tibullus, which *do* run into regular couplets, which *have* a regular rise and fall, which delight in antithetical terminations, and which abound in pretty conceits, can be translated into blank verse.

The genius of the two metres is utterly and inextricably at variance; and the translator must do one of two things, sacrifice the sense and the spirit of the original to his rhythm, or sacrifice his rhythm to his subject.

Of these two sacrifices, Pope has made the first, in the most sweeping and thorough manner imaginable. The genius of the Heroic couplet is there, beautiful, predominant, in perfection. But where is the genius of Homer? tamed down into procession pace, broken into jingling antithesis, frittered into sweet conceits—utterly lost, obscured, and if seen at all by glimpses, seen in such guise as his own Briareus or Enceladus would show, dancing a hornpipe in fetters upon a twenty-four-foot stage.

Mr. Sotheby has striven to conquer this difficulty, which it is clear that he perceived; and it must be admitted that he has, in some sort, done so; but it is at the expense of his rhythm. We do not mean to say that Sotheby's heroic couplets are not couplets—nay! not even that they are not fine, sonorous, and at times noble, verses—but we do mean to assert, that they lack the peculiar finish and gracefulness and melody, which should be the characteristics of this measure, and that, above all, they lack the occasional epigrammatic sting, which is as much a component part of the English Heroic, as it is of the Italian sonnet.

In proportion as we have more of Homer, we have less of the English poem.

In proportion as we have a better translation, we have a worse poem, than Pope's.

And to this approximation only can we hope to arrive, so long as we attempt to force Homer into Heroics.

With regard to blank verse, we have only to say that it never has succeeded as a vehicle for Homer. It is true no one has yet attempted it for this purpose, who knew the resources, the infinite variety, or the vast power, of which that metre is capable. Cowper's blank verse is poor and weak indeed; and Mr. Munford really seems to have taken Milton's accidental phrase, in which he denominates blank verse as "our English Heroic verse without rhyme," for a deliberate expression of what measure ought to be. Certain it is, that his versification is little more than unrhymed couplets; and that the defect of his translation arises altogether from his inaptness in selecting, or weakness in dealing with his rhythm, when selected.

We should be unwilling to pronounce a *dictum* against the possibility of rendering Homer adequately into blank verse, seeing the great things that have been done with that noble harmony by masters, and having the multisonant and glorious roll of Milton's versification in our ear—but we doubt. We are inclined to think that rhyme is necessary;

and that, at times, a more rapid and spirit-stirring movement, than the stately and solemn roll of the blank cadence, is required to convey to the English reader the blazing fire, *αιθαλος*, of the true Homeric march.

Professor Wilson has suggested, and all suggestions from his lips are worthy to be weighed, if not adopted, that Homer could only have been worthily rendered, into octosyllabic verse, by Sir Walter Scott.

Perhaps by Sir Walter Scott! But who else may aspire to such an undertaking, who hazard himself against what has been well styled "the fatal facility" of the octosyllabic metre? It may be true, that the battles, the similes, the catalogue of the ships, and many isolated passages could be given with great force in the style and verse of the *Lady of the Lake*; but we have our doubts, as to how the speeches, the dissertations, and the graver parts of the poem would tell in this form; and as to the *Iliad*, one great whole, in English octosyllabic, on deliberate opinion, we do more than doubt; we dissent. We are of opinion, that almost every Greek metre has its correspondent in English; and we believe that one can be found for the Homeric Hexameter.

The English blank verse is the correspondent and exponent of the Greek iambic; and admirably translatable they are, each into the other. The English Heroic couplet coincides at all points with the Hexameter and Pentameter; and, in like manner, each form glides happily and easily into the other. The anapaestic metre of one tongue translates that of the other. And the choral measures of the Greek dramatists can find full justice from English irregular verse, modulated with much license, and with a skilful ear, into series, corresponding to the strophe and antistrophe.

Where then is the correspondent of the Homeric hexameter? To the English language the hexameter, or any other measure founded on *quantity*, as understood of Greek or Latin versification, is abhorrent; because in English, syllabic quantity is so far subordinate to accent, that though it really does exist, it is not detected by one ear out of a hundred; and consequently all attempts at constructing Hexameters and Pentameters in English have been based on accentuation—whence arises a bastard thing, neither this nor that, unwieldy, ungraceful, and un-English.

Now we believe, that a popular poem of one tongue and age is best rendered into a popular measure of another tongue and age, other things agreeing.

Looking then to the requirements of the Homeric measure, and of the Homeric spirit, seeing what has been done though roughly and uncouthly by the Elizabethan Chapman, seeing also what has been done magnificently by Doctor Maginn, and considering further the natural appropriateness of subject and measure, we believe that a long rolling rhymed ballad measure is the thing for Homer—where your subject is grave and solemn, hold it to the pure iambic measure, of the same metrical length of line be it understood—where rapid and tumultuous, break it with anapaests, and reduplicate it with double and treble rhymes. We would give something to see a master of the English ballad measure—to see Macaulay—try it. Our life upon it! we should get something nigher to the roll of *πολυφοισοιο θαλάσσης* than anything we can find in all the translators yet, from the first to the last, who have tried their skill in torturing the old man eloquent.

As an instance, merely of the effect of the

versification, without particular reference to the merits of the translation, though we shall not hesitate to ascribe the superiority in all respects to Chapman, we shall here present to our readers three versions of one passage—one in each measure. The passage we have selected is the solemn prayer, previous to the sacrifice preceding the judicial conflict between Paris and Menelaus, in the third book; and our reason for selecting it is, that there is nothing striking in it, as to have called forth very unusual effort in any of the translators, or to distract the attention of our readers, from the point where we would have it fixed, the versification namely, in itself and alone.

The English versions, which we have chosen, are, in the heroic couplet, Pope's; in the blank verse, Cowper's, who in this passage is better than Munford; and, in long measure, of course, Chapman. We say of course, for with the exception of a few fragments by Maginn, no one else has tried his hand at the Greek ballad-singer, in English ballad tune.

"O first and greatest power! whom all obey,  
Who high on Ida's holy mountain sway,  
Eternal Jove! and you bright orb that roll  
From east to west, and view from pole to pole!  
Thou mother earth! and all ye living floods;  
Who rule the dead, and horrid woes prepare,  
For perjured kings and all who falsely swear,  
Hear and be witness. If by Paris slain  
Great Menelaus press the fatal plain,  
The dame and treasures let the Trojan keep,  
And Greece returning plough the watery deep.  
If by my brother's lance the Trojan bleed,  
Be his the wealth and beauteous dame decreed.  
The appointed fine let Ilion justly pay,  
And age to age record the signal day.  
Then if the Phrygians shall refuse to yield,  
Arms must revenge, and wars decide the field."

Pope, *Il. iii.*, 363.

"Jove, Father, who from Ida stretched forth  
Thine arm Omnipotent, o'erruing all,  
And thou, all-seeing and all hearing sun,  
Ye rivers, and thou conscious earth, and ye  
Who under earth on humankind avenge,  
Severe the guilt of violated oaths,  
Hear ye, and ratify what now we swear.  
Should Menelaus fall by Paris' hand,  
Be Helen and her wealth thenceforth his own,  
While we shall cleave the billows back to Greece.  
Should Paris in the bloody contest yield  
His life to Menelaus, then shall Troy  
Surrender Helen with the wealth she brought,  
And pay such equitable fine besides,  
As shall be famous in all time to come.  
Which fine should Priam and his sons withhold  
Though Paris fall, I will demand it here,  
In ceaseless battle; till the whole be mine."

Cowper, *Il. iii.*, 324.

"Oh Jove, that Ida dost protect, and hast the titles won,  
Most glorious, most-invincible; and thou all-seeing sun,  
All-hearing, all-recomforting; floods; earth; and powers  
beneath;  
That all the perjuries of men chancis even after death;  
Be witnesses, and see performed the hearty vows we  
make;  
If Alexander shall the life of Menelaus take,  
We shall from thenceforth Helena with all her wealth  
retain,  
And we will to our household gods, hoist sail, and home  
again.  
If by my honored brother's hand be Alexander slain,  
The Trojans, then, shall his forced queen with all her  
wealth restore,  
And pay convenient fine to us, and ours for ever more.  
If Priam and his sons deny to pay this, thus agreed,  
When Alexander shall be slain; for that perfidious  
deed.  
And for the fine will I fight here, till dearly they repay,  
By death and ruin, the amends that falsehood keeps  
away."

Chapman, *Il. iii.*, 294.

That any scholar should doubt for a moment which of these three versions is the more Homeric, which of these three translators is imbued with the spirit, touched with the fire of the original, is to us inconceivable. That any one with ears on their head to distinguish melody, and appreciate sonorous cadence, or with taste to discriminate between the mere polish and glitter of the heroic couplet of Queen Anne's Frenchified age, and the solid gold and teeming wealth of the sterling English of Elizabeth's masculine and massive era, is scarce less marvellous.

Surely *this* is the metre wherein to reproduce the lofty roll of the grand Greek Hexameters; wherein to emulate the long reverberating roar of the many-billed sea, bursting in thunder on the sounding shore; to imitate the clatter of the fast redoubled hoofs, the clash and clang of brazen spear and brazen buckler; to sing the deeds of hero gods and godlike heroes. Surely, *this* is the well, from which we should drink English inspiration, before aspiring to draw the sacred waters of the Grecian Hippocrene, and to convert them to domestic uses.

And here, we had intended to close this paper, which already, did not the subject justify transgression, has something overstepped prescribed limits, but we must make room for a little *jeu d'esprit*, which may amuse our readers, and which surely they will pardon, if only in behalf of its novelty and boldness. Even as we transcribed the lines quoted above from Pope, after so recently speaking of the fusibility of the heroic couplet into Latin elegiacs, two or three terminations flashed on us unpremeditated; and here we have, sufficiently literal, in, we trust, not very unovidian verse, the imprecation of Atrides, rendered line for line, not from Homer to which it bears no resemblance, but from Pope's Iliad.

*Cui parent omnes, O Maxima, prima Polestas,  
Cui summa Ida culmina montis habent,  
Jupiter Omnipotens; quiique, Ignifer orbis, ab Euro,  
Ceris, ad Occiduum, vectus utrumque polum;  
Tuque, O Terra parens; O vivi ex fontibus annes;  
Eumenides Dire, Tartareique Del;  
Cui, manes hominum terentes, regibus ultra  
Perjuris Stygii fatali paratis agri;  
Aude, O testes! Paridis si jure sub hastâ  
Stratus sanguine sit Menelaum humo,  
Formosanque Helenam et gaz Trojanius habeto;  
Versaque Marmoreas Græci, currat aquas.  
Si Paris Atride reddit sub cuspide vitam,  
Protinus hujus opes, hujus et uxor erit;  
Illi et penas, uti fas, pro criminis solvet,  
Grandis et eternam vivet ad usque dies.  
Si vici renegat palmarum concedere Teucri,  
Det Mars vindicias, exitum et armæ ferant."*

Having tried our hands at the elegiacs, and having satisfied ourselves indifferently well that we had thus proved our first assertion; with something less of confidence, we determined on venturing an assay to show that the English blank verse is the truer exponent of the Greek Iambic than of the Greek Hexameter; and the result, are the following trimeters, from Cowper's version of the same passage above cited—

*Ω Ζεῦ μίγιστε, παγκεράτης αἱ τε χερᾶς  
Λόγθεν δρεγγίνεις, πάντα πανταχῷ νέμουν,  
Καὶ τὸν παντούντα παγκλίνοντα Ήλιον,  
Ποραρός τε, καὶ Γῆν τὸν συνειδίναν, καλῶ  
Υπὸς τὸν δρέποντας περίπονος Ἀλιστόρας  
Βαρύος ἐπεισφέροντας ἡρεῖον βροτῶν  
Ψυσθόντος ἀπονεῦ, παραρρεούσθ ἀπενδόντεν  
Εἰ πεν Μελάνον Ἀλισαρόν κριτίνοις δορί,  
Ἐλάνον τὰ πάντας κρίναθ ὁ κτίσινος λάθος,  
Ημίτις δὲ πόντον ἐπεργάσομεν πάλιν  
Ἐς Ελλάδ' ἀπαν. Εἰδοντ' Ἀργείδον δορὸς  
Πάρης δαυρού, φιλάρτον λίπον βιον,  
Σὺν οἷς ἔτις φέροντος ἡγεῖς ή γυνί,  
Πρίαμον μᾶλ' ἀντίν αὐτὸν ἀστερωτοι πολις,  
Δίστης τὸν πόντον πλέοντος ὃν ἔξι χρόνος  
Μνήμην φυλάσσοντας, κρήτελντάντος κλέος.  
Εἰ δὲ δύνεις δύσσειν Πρίαμον ὃν θύλοι δίκην,  
Τιοι τε Πρίαμον, μήποτε ἀν λάξοιρ ἵγω  
Δορὸς, πρὶν ἀν καταρέεις ἐκτεροι πόλιν.*

*Southey's Life of Wesley.* New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers.

HAD Robert Southey written the life of John Wesley with the simple purpose of developing the character and history of that most extraordinary man, and the rise and progress of Methodism as it evolved itself from the mind of the founder, the circumstances of the times, and the necessities of the common people, he would unquestionably have penned one of the

most dramatic and glowing biographies ever produced; and as it is, with all its inconsistencies and contradictions, we doubt if one more delightful was ever written.

It is amusing to see the elegant and poetic Southey curbing his own excitability to suit the atmosphere of the Church of England, restraining his enthusiasm, which still breaks out in spite of the object he has in view, which is to show up the "fanaticism," the enthusiasm, and wrong-headedness of the very man, who has evidently fired his own fancy. Had John Wesley been the staid, plodding, submissive churchman, which his biographer affects so much to approve, Robert Southey had been without his hero; Methodism would have been an unorganized, irregular, half fanatical community, akin to that founded by Count Zinzendorf; and the world would have been denied two volumes of history and analysis quite as attractive as any romance.

In the life of Wesley, we have all the particulars of the man, his strivings after the spiritual, his renunciations of the world, his wonderful courage, firmness, and address; his winning gentleness, his bold, apostolic denunciation; his eloquence, subduing and appalling the hearts of his hearers; his good old age, the patriarch of nearly ninety years, with his long white locks and clear complexion—these stand in statuesque relief before us, to challenge our admiration, and fix our interest; but, lest we should thus imbibe an error through the example and teaching of such a man, Robert Southey everywhere interposes safe and suitable terms of disapproval—Fye! upon thee, Robert Southey, for thy laurel chaplet had slipped over thine eyes, and blinded thee to the duties of a biographer.

No doubt Samuel Wesley, the elder brother, was a most exemplary and right worthy man; the world is full of such men, their biographies are found in the corner of newspapers, and in three or four chiselled lines upon a tomb-stone, and then they are forgotten—such are good sons, good husbands, fathers; thank God! such characters are not infrequent, but these are not the heroes, who fill a great space and cast long shadows into futurity—the gifted, the eloquent, and poetic, expend no power in grasping and wrestling with such, and yet a man like Southey will gravely, as if preparing a school-boy's homily, tell wherein Samuel acted the better and wiser part than his gifted brother.

Despite these drawbacks to the excellence of achievement, Wesley, in the careful conservatism of the author, escapes the crucible nearly unscathed, unshorn of his beams—brave and radiant like the angel-led children through the fiery furnace of the Assyrian. Southey was every moment beguiled of his sympathies by the greatness of the man before him, and his return to the preconceived plan and motive is often not a little amusing, and not a little awkward. He knew and felt that such a man as Wesley could not be judged by ordinary laws. It is vain to reduce such men to the common standard—panoplied in strength, and massive in size, their armor would crush and encumber the common sized man; they stand apart not to be measured and dissected like the men of the day, but to awe, to inspire, and command. Men call them "arrogant and ambitious, conscious of power, and eager for sway." So be it. They are types of a class, full patterns of what is daily before us in meaner shapes. They are men, strong, individual, unmistakable men—they stand out obstinately such as they are, and not to be shaped into theory men, nor ideal, nor pattern men. Consistent with

themselves, they do not harmonize with those about them. We may say they have this or that great defect, but be the defect what it may, it goes to make up the sum of their character, and cannot be softened or repressed in the delineation, without destroying the unity of the whole.

Southey censures the arrogance and the ambition of Wesley: these qualities in him wear an aspect so unlike their natural appearance in other men, that we should hesitate to use the terms. The truth is, from early life, Wesley found his own greatness and innate dignity of character at variance with many of the moral dogmas of even wise and good men. Jeremy Taylor had said, "In some sense or other, we ought to think ourselves the *worst* in every company where we come." Wesley acknowledged the duty of *absolute* humility, "but this *comparative* humility is out of our power; neither reasonable nor sincere, and therefore it cannot be a virtue."

Here may be seen the key to the real character of Wesley; honest, truthful, and courageous. A poorer man would have whined through whole pages of *cant* in order to reduce himself to the right stamp; Wesley boldly denies the position, and few of us will gainsay the correctness of his judgment. Such a man might by the natural action of his faculties distance all others in the race to distinction, but he would have little need of the ordinary meanness of ambitious action. Southey may feel justified in saying that he separated from Zinzendorf, because he could not brook a second place, and the Count, by birth, rank, and intellect, claimed to be superior; we should rather say that Wesley, from convictions of truth, and an instinctive consciousness of his own power, could not be second.

How could he, with such elements, fail to feel his power, when most wonderful results followed his preaching wherever he went; when effects well-nigh miraculous succeeded the strong exercise of his faith; Southey says, "he could not but be conscious of his own power. When he held forth in the open air, rain, thunder, and lightning did not disperse the multitudes who gathered around him." Preaching at Clifton church, and seeing many of the rich there, he says,

"My heart was much pained for them, and I was earnestly desirous that some even of these might enter the kingdom of heaven, but full as I was, I knew not where to begin in warning them to flee from the wrath to come, till my Testament opened on these words, *I came not to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance*; in applying which, my soul was so enlarged, that methought I could have cried out in another sense than poor vain Archimedes, 'Give me where to stand, and I will shake the earth.'"

Let it be remembered that the man who utters this, was one who often addressed more than *thirty thousand men at one time*, collected from great distances to listen to his strange, fervid eloquence; the man, whose impassioned appeals to the consciences of his hearers, whose unwavering faith in the promises of the Eternal was such, that those who listened to him were seized with fear and trembling, and an awe which he solemnly believed to be supernatural; and who of us shall declare such was not the case? who of us, being Christians, shall deny the potency of prayer, since the Saviour has said, "*All things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive.*"

Here was a man covetous, neither of fame, nor wealth, nor honor, but only to do God's will, and win souls to Christ; not yearning, like Whitefield, with sincere piety, it is true,

yet with weak and restless vanity for imprisonment and persecution, but meeting danger and suffering when it did come, with a spirit worthy of the Martyrs, and a courage equal to the stoutest and best trained warrior.

Well might a man of such magnanimity be pardoned a casual outbreak of arrogance. He says—

"I stood on the wall, in the calm, still evening, with the setting sun behind me, and almost an innumerable multitude before, behind, and on either hand. Many likewise sat on the little hills, at some distance from the bulk of the congregation. But they could all hear distinctly while I read '*The disciple is not above his Master*,' and the rest of those comfortable words which are day by day fulfilled in our ears.' This amphitheatre was one of his favorite stations. He says of it in his old age, 'I think this is one of the most magnificent spectacles which is to be seen on this side of heaven. And no music is to be heard upon earth comparable to the sound of many thousand voices, when they are all harmoniously joined together, singing praises to God and the Lamb.' At St. Ives, when a high wind prevented him from standing where he had intended, he found a little inclosure near, one end of which was native rock, rising ten or twelve feet perpendicular, from which the ground fell with an easy descent. 'A jutting out of the rock, about four feet from the ground, gave me a very convenient pulpit. Here well nigh the whole town, high and low, rich and poor, assembled together. Nor was there a word to be heard, nor a smile seen, from one end of the congregation to the other. It was just the same the three following evenings. Indeed I was afraid, on Saturday, that the roaring of the sea, raised by the north wind, would have prevented their hearing. But God gave me so clear and strong a voice, that I believe scarce one word was lost.'"

A beautiful and most Apostolic picture is here presented, and one almost hears the sonorous voice of the speaker as its clear musical cadences mingle with the flitting winds, and the deep "roaring of the sea." Preaching at Exeter, under the ruins of the Castle, and the old city wall and moat, he says again,

"It was an awful sight! So vast a congregation in that solemn amphitheatre, and all silent and still, while I explained at large, and enforced that glorious truth, 'Happy are they whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sins are covered.' In another place he says, 'I rode to Blanchland, about twenty miles from Newcastle. The rough mountains round about were still white with snow. In the midst of them is a small winding valley, through which the Darwent runs. On the edge of this the little town stands, which is, indeed, little more than a heap of ruins. There seems to have been a large cathedral church, by the vast walls which still remain. I stood in the church-yard, under one side of the building, upon a large tombstone, round which, while I was at prayers, all the congregation kneeled down on the grass. They were gathered out of the lead mines, from all parts; many from Allendale, six miles off. A row of children sat under the opposite wall, all quiet and still. The whole congregation drank in every word, with such earnestness in their looks, that I could not but hope that God will make this wilderness sing for joy.' At Cawksham, he preached 'on the side of an enormous mountain. The congregation,' he says, 'stood and sat, row above row, in the sylvan theatre. I believe nothing in the postdiluvian earth can be more pleasant than the road from hence, between huge steep mountains, clothed with wood to the top, and watered at the bottom by a clear winding stream.' Heptenstall Bank, to which he went from hence, was one of his favorite field stations. 'The place in which I preached was an oval spot of ground, surrounded with spreading trees, scooped out, as it were, in the

side of a hill, which rose round like a theatre.' The congregation was as large as he could then collect at Leeds; but he says, 'such serious and earnest attention! I lifted up my hands, so that I preached as I scarce ever did in my life.' Once he had the ground measured, and found that he was heard distinctly at a distance of seven score yards. In the seventieth year of his age, he preached at Gwenap, to the largest assembly that had ever collected to hear him: from the ground which they covered, he computed them to be not fewer than two-and-thirty thousand; and it was found, upon inquiry, that all could hear, even to the skirts of the congregation."

Impressive as this is, and described with graphic elegance and simplicity, these outdoor ministrations were far from being safe or agreeable to men of less nerve than John Wesley and his coadjutors. At one time, with courage perfectly sublime, he came forth before an infuriated mob, which had attacked a house where he had gone to minister to the sick. He stepped into the midst of them, saying, "Here I am, to which of you have I done any wrong? To you—or you—or you?" and he made his way bare-headed into the street, and continued speaking till not a finger or voice was raised against him. At another time, being attacked in a similar manner,

"His friends were presently overpowered, and he was left in the hands of a rabble too much infuriated to hear him speak. 'Indeed,' he says, 'it was in vain to attempt it, for the noise on every side was like the roaring of the sea.' The entrance to the town was down a steep hill, and the path was slippery, because of the rain. Some of the ruffians endeavored to throw him down; and if they had accomplished their purpose, it was not likely that he would ever have risen again: but he kept his feet. Part of his clothes was torn off; blows were aimed at him with a bludgeon, which, had they taken effect, would have fractured his skull; and one cowardly villain gave him a blow on the mouth, which made the blood gush out. With such outrages they dragged him into the town. Seeing the door of a large house open, he attempted to go in, but was caught by the hair, and pulled back into the middle of the crowd. They hauled him towards the end of the main street, and there he made towards a shop door, which was half-open, and would have gone in, but the shopkeeper would not let him, saying, that, if he did, they would pull the house down to the ground. He made a stand, however, at the door, and asked if they would hear him speak? Many cried out, 'No, no! Knock his brains out! Down with him! Kill him at once!' A more atrocious exclamation was uttered by one or two wretches. 'I almost tremble,' says Wesley, 'to relate it!—Crucify the dog! Crucify him!' Others insisted that he should be heard. Even in mobs, that opinion will prevail which has the show of justice on its side, if it be supported boldly. He obtained a hearing, and began by asking, 'What evil have I done? Which of you all have I wronged, in word or deed?' His powerful and persuasive voice, his ready utterance, and his perfect self-command, stood him on this perilous emergency in good stead. A cry was raised, 'Bring him away! Bring him away!' When it ceased, he then broke out into prayer; and the very man who had just before headed the rabble, turned and said, 'Sir, I will spend my life for you! Follow me, and not one soul here shall touch a hair of your head!'"

Nothing daunted by these terrible scenes, Wesley makes the following primitive and most affecting appeal:

"Who is there among you, brethren," he says, "that is willing (examine your own hearts) even to save souls from death at this price? Would not you let a thousand souls perish, rather than you would be the instrument of

rescuing them thus? I do not speak now with regard to conscience, but to the inconveniences that must accompany it. Can you sustain them if you would? Can you bear the summer sun to beat upon your naked head? Can you suffer the wintry rain or wind, from whatever quarter it blows? Are you able to stand in the open air, without any covering or defence, when God casteth abroad his snow like wool, or scattereth his hoar-frost like ashes? And yet these are some of the smallest inconveniences which accompany field-preaching. For, beyond all these, are the contradiction of sinners, the scoffs both of the great, vulgar, and the small; contempt and reproach of every kind—often more than verbal affronts—stupid, brutal violence, sometimes to the hazard of health, or limbs, or life. Brethren, do you envy us this honor? What, I pray you, would buy you to be a field-preacher? Or what, think you, could induce any man of common sense to continue therein one year, unless he had a full conviction in himself that it was the will of God concerning him? Upon this conviction it is (were we to submit to these things on any other motive whatever, it would furnish you with a better proof of our distraction than any that has yet been found), that we now do for the good of souls what you cannot, will not, dare not do. And we desire not that you should: but this one thing we may reasonably desire of you—do not increase the difficulties, which are already so great, that, without the mighty power of God, we must sink under them. Do not assist in trampling down a little handful of men, who, for the present, stand in the gap between ten thousand poor wretches and destruction, till you find some others to take their place."

Touching as this is, Wesley is not the man to magnify trifles, or to be over fastidious in the matters of life. He had an unfailing hopefulness of nature, a strong, healthful temperament, and a natural turn for humor, which however, seems not in the least to have lowered the dignity or effectiveness of his bearing.

He and John Nelson rode from common to common, in Cornwall, preaching to a people who heard willingly, but seldom or never proffered them the slightest act of hospitality. Returning one day in autumn from one of these hungry excursions, Wesley stopped his horse at some brambles, to pick the fruit. 'Brother Nelson,' said he, 'we ought to be thankful that there are plenty of blackberries, for this is the best country I ever saw for getting a stomach, but the worst I ever saw for getting food. Do the people think that we can live by preaching?' They were detained some time at St. Ives, because of the illness of one of their companions; and their lodging was little better than their fare. 'All that time,' says John, 'Mr. Wesley and I lay on the floor: he had my great-coat for his pillow, and I had Burkett's Notes on the New Testament for mine. After being here near three weeks, one morning, about three o'clock, Mr. Wesley turned over, and finding me awake, clapped me on the side, saying, "Brother Nelson, let us be of good cheer: I have one whole side yet; for the skin is off but on one side."

The fellow-laborers of Wesley sometimes amusingly deplore the natural recoil which they felt at the insolence and cruelty with which they were treated. John Nelson says,

"It caused a sore temptation to arise in me,—to think that an ignorant, wicked man should thus torment me—and I able to tie his head and heels together! I found an old man's bone in me; but the Lord lifted up a standard, when anger was coming on like a flood; else I should have wrung his neck to the ground, and set my foot upon him."

Our article has already exceeded its prescribed limits, and we must defer the consideration of Methodism till our next number.

*The Life of William Alexander, Earl of Stirling; Major General in the Army of the United States during the Revolution; with Selections from his Correspondence.* By his Grandson, William Alexander Duer, LL.D. (Forming Collections of the New Jersey Historical Society. Vol. II.) Pp. 284. Wiley & Putnam.

THE history of a nation, during any one period of its existence, can best be learned and understood from an examination of the lives of those who, for the time, were at the helm of State, or occupied prominent positions as leaders or counsellors of the people. Private motives and private actions constitute, in reality, the sum and substance of the history of all communities, and both the interest and the value of private memoirs may be ascribed to the individuality which they enable us to give to every important incident, affecting others, with which their subjects were connected. The natural bias of the child's mind; the peculiar circumstances of the youth's education; the changes and chances of the man's career, are all direct agents in producing not only the history of the individual, but also, it may be, the history of the age in which he lives. We consequently cordially welcome every work conveying reliable information of the private life of those who, on our own continent, have assisted in working out "the great experiment" which it is usual to consider to be in progress here, and particularly of those who upheld the cause of freedom during the War of Independence.

Among those who occupied a high rank throughout the struggle, was the subject of the memoir before us, William Alexander, better known as the Earl of Stirling—his right to that title, as nearest of kin to the last earl, being clearly demonstrated by Mr. Duer. He participated in the battles of Long Island, Monmouth, Germantown, and Brandywine, and on several minor occasions conducted himself gallantly and creditably. "It was his good fortune," we are told, "at different periods in the course of the war, to have had under his command every brigade in the American army, except those of South Carolina and Georgia" (p. 259); and yet, up to the present time, very little has been made public respecting him, other than such general information as the histories of the Revolution may contain.

Although born in New York—being the son of James Alexander, the distinguished provincial jurist and statesman—his residence was for many years in New Jersey; and it was while holding a commission as colonel of the militia of that province, that he was selected to command the first of the Continental regiments raised within it. This was in 1775; the following year he was appointed brigadier-general, and in 1777, major-general of the Continental forces. His residence in New Jersey, and his connexion with her public affairs, for several years, renders the publication of his life by the Historical Society of that State no unmeaning tribute to his memory. The author's descent from Lord S. has, of course, given him access to the best sources of information, and his work is an interesting addition to the biographical literature of the country.

Our limits preclude any extended extracts from the work, but we cannot lay aside the volume without alluding to the fact, that it was mainly through Lord Stirling that the infamous conspiracy of Gates and Conway, to undermine the character and destroy the influence of Washington, was brought to light and

frustrated. The circumstances are thus narrated by Mr. Duer:—

"It was during this winter that the intrigue, known, from its principal contriver, as the *Conway Cabal*, was brought to light, principally through the instrumentality of Lord Stirling. Conway was an Irishman by birth, a Frenchman by education. He had served in the French army, and came to America, like many other foreign adventurers, to seek service in the Revolutionary army; and if his claims were not supported by as strong recommendations as those of several others, his pretensions were as high as those of the most extravagant among them. By the combined force of his certificates and effrontery, he obtained from Congress the commissions, first, of a Brigadier, and afterwards of a Major General. Not being so fortunate as to distinguish himself by his military services or talents, he endeavored to ingratiate himself with the Commander-in-chief, by those arts of conciliation and flattery in which he was a greater adept, but which were not such sure passports to the favor of Washington. The disappointments he suffered, he dignified with the name of disgust; and attached himself to those whose position or character assured him of sympathy, perhaps of revenge.

"After some fruitless experiments upon others, he found congenial spirits in Generals Gates and Mifflin; both of whom had manifested symptoms of dissatisfaction as early as when the army lay at Cambridge. The former was at that time Adjutant General of the *combined provincial* forces, with the rank of Brigadier; the latter, who went there as an aide to the Commander-in-chief, was subsequently appointed quarter-master general, with the rank of colonel. Upon the organization of the *Continental* army, Gates applied to General Washington for the command of a brigade, and Mifflin for a regiment, in addition to their former appointments. Both were refused; on the ground, in the first place, that the duties of their staff appointments required the whole of their attention; and in the second, that such an indulgence would be invidious, and interfere with the just claims of other officers. The refusal, in both instances, evidently gave offence, and was never forgiven by either of the malcontents.

"The subsequent success of General Gates against Burgoyne—which he owed more to the preparatory arrangements and dispositions of General Schuyler, than to any merit of his own—was the signal for the conspirators to assume a bolder attitude in the prosecution of their plot; to which, in the meantime, they had secured the adhesion of some parties of inferior note. Among these was Colonel James Wilkinson, an aide-de-camp of Gen. Gates, through whose convivial indiscretion the affair was brought to light. Wilkinson had been sent to Congress with despatches from General Gates, announcing the success at Saratoga. On his way he stopped at Lord Stirling's head quarters, at Reading, Pennsylvania, and at table, after dinner, voluntarily and openly repeated verbally to Major McWilliams, an aide of Lord Stirling's, a passage from a letter which Gates had received from his friend Conway, containing severe strictures on General Washington's conduct in the management of the war, with reflections disparaging to his military character and talents. Major McWilliams considered it his duty to disclose the matter to Lord Stirling, who, in his turn, felt bound, in regard to the public interest as well as impelled by private friendship, to communicate it to General Washington. This he accordingly did, in a note containing a *memorandum* of the words from Conway's letter, as repeated to McWilliams by Wilkinson, as follows: 'The enclosed was communicated by Colonel Wilkinson to Major McWilliams; such wicked duplicity I shall always consider it my duty to detect.' In consequence of this disclosure, and with no other view than to show Conway that he was apprised of his intrigues, General Washington wrote to him as follows:

"Sir,—A letter which I received last night, contains the following paragraph: 'Heaven has determined to save your country, or a weak General and bad counsellors would have ruined it.'

"A correspondence now ensued between Generals Washington, Gates, and Conway. The genuineness of the letter was denied by Conway; but the letter itself was not, at that time, produced. It was afterwards shown by General Gates, in confidence, to Mr. Henry Laurens, the President of Congress, and some others; and although it appeared not to have been exactly quoted by Major McWilliams, yet, in substance, it proved the same. General Washington never communicated the letter of Lord Stirling, or the information it contained, to any officer of the army out of his own family, except the Marquis de Lafayette, and to him it was shown under an injunction of secrecy; but from the circumstances attending the affair, it could not long be concealed. Rumors respecting it got abroad, and the public sentiment was expressed in a tone so indignant as to compel the conspirators to abandon their mischievous and ambitious projects."

His part in this affair, in addition to his public services, appears to have won for Lord Stirling the friendship of Washington, which he retained through life; and after his death it was manifested by the latter, in a letter of condolence to his widow, expressing the warmest sympathy (p. 260).

Lord Stirling's first military experience was under General Shirley, on the northern frontier, in the French and English war of 1755-56, in the capacity of aide-de-camp; and we understand that a collection of highly interesting papers has recently been discovered in the archives of the New York Historical Society, connected with this particular period of his life, which we trust will be in some way presented to the public, in illustration of that too much neglected portion of our provincial history.

The volume before us is creditable to the Society under whose auspices it is published, being well printed, and enriched with a miniature portrait of Lord Stirling, and several plans of battles.

*Tancred; or, the New Crusade.* By B. Disraeli, M.P., author of "Coningsby," &c. Carey & Hart: Philadelphia, 1847.

ANOTHER dish by Young England, compounded of all delicate, flying or swimming notions, dressed with elegant art, and highly spiced with all the rare seeds of Araby the Blest, has, by this time, been devoured by multitudes of readers, on both sides of the water—dreamy masters and misses, seasoned belles, pale intellectuals, lazy students, amateur aristocrats, intelligent Jews, poets, artists, and even theologians and politicians, who seldom read a novel, but are interested in the new social and religious movements which these dashing volumes, and their predecessors, are intended popularly to expound.

"Ah, who will follow him into the dismal scenes of Arabia? Why does he not let us into more of the brilliant mysteries of London society?" exclaims a New York princess, as she rolls along Broadway in her coach and liverly, having laid down "Tancred" in despair at the first line of the third Book.

"The end!" gasps a more thorough-paced huntress of fictitious excitements, as she brings up short at the unsatisfactory denouement, after having galloped rapidly through the story, vaulting over the reflective and historical parts, and slackening her flushed race only to feast on descriptions of palaces, dresses, jewels, and handsome heroes.—"The end!—how provoking! Did he marry Eva, after all?"

Did he take her to England with Lord and Lady Bellemont? Well, of course they wouldn't consent to it. Poor Fakredeen!—he ought to have become a sober man, at last, and worthy of Eva, or at least not have lost poor Astarte."

"What a splendid man and a genius is Disraeli!" murmurs an *'enthusiastic'* poetical woman, who has turned to Willis's dazzling account of him at Lady Blessington's table, and who has pondered over the style of "Tancred," thinking more of the author than the hero,—"what a splendid man—what a quick intellect, and what a gorgeous imagination!"

"The apostate," mutters an indignant Hebrew,—"but he vindicates us eloquently."

"Bah! another attempt to uphold a tottering aristocracy," says a sputtering demagogue as he swallows Tancred, in a rail-car.

"Alas, it is all true to the letter," sighs a high churchman, "Christendom is infidel—it must be regenerated; there is no faith on the earth; I believe I will make a pilgrimage to the sepulchre, myself—one of these days."

"And what was the Puritan government, at Plymouth, but a *'theocratic equality'*? if their piety and principles thoroughly pervaded this country, our Republic would be such"—rejoins a Calvinist.

"Progress from whence, and to what?—a pretty question indeed!" says a humanitarian,—Progress to universal peace, love, and labor, to be sure; let us hear no more of your bloody Eastern codes and creeds."

"A railroad to Jerusalem?—yes, and to China, if the English had any Yankee spirit; Whitney would do it for them—give the Arabs an Indian reservation in Africa—manure the Syrian desert, and sell it in lots to pay the cost. Ah, we shall anticipate the Eastern trade through Oregon—that will settle the Eastern question!" sums up a speculator, with an endless coil of railroads in his brain, stuffed like Besso's turban in a pomegranate shell.

In two weeks Tancred is forgotten by its motley variety of readers; the world rushes along; nations are little changed, and the Future as inscrutable as ever.

How futile soever may be an attempt to solve the problems of the Present and the Future, it is yet pleasant to dream with one who dreams so sublimely as impassioned Disraeli. He frequently speaks of a profound melancholy brooding over, and resting down like a crushing weight upon, the (so-called) enlightened nations, in this age of material and utilitarian tendencies; and, therefore, he longs for the seraph-winged return of the simple and primitive—the spiritual and supernatural. But, really, it seems to us that the most feathery frivolity marks this age; perhaps he would consider this fact itself the best proof of his sentiment; but if it is a sad civilization we have, it certainly wears a horrible smile—an eternal grin; Punch, Judy, and Puck are the Jove, Juno, and Mercury of Europe and America; everything is turned into a jest and exaggerated into broadest caricature; and this, we believe, is both cause and effect of our want of simplicity and faith,—this is the very reason why, for our part, we turn with nausea from the low-bred characters of fashionable faction—from pimpled Captain Cuttles, and sniffling Misses Tox, from farcical sketches, and political squibs, with that endless circumlocution of style by which insipid wits, nowadays, strain after humorous effect. I thoroughly sick of this, we are especially refreshed by the vivid gleams of Oriental life which pass rapidly before us in "Tancred"; it is invigorating to fly back in bold visions to patriarchal

times—to scale Mount Sinai, though it be only to fall into a young enthusiast's feverish trance—to look upon moonlit Jerusalem, or kneel where the Old Crusaders knelt—to hunt in the sturdy forests of Lebanon. In the fragrant language of Hazlitt, "It is delightful to repose on the wisdom of the ancients; \* \* \* to have the palm-trees waving mystically in the margin of the page, and the camels moving slowly in the distance of three thousand years. In that dry desert of learning, we gather strength and patience, and a strange and insatiable thirst of knowledge. The ruined monuments of antiquity are also there, and the fragments of buried cities (under which the adder lurks), and cool springs, and green sunny spots, and the whirlwind and lion's roar, and the shadow of angelic wings."

We do not often suspect an ambitious young member of Parliament of great purity of motive, but our author has put some truth into the mouth of his hero; the following extracts will give a key to the character of the book:—

"There is no sort of doubt," said the duke, "that the state of England at this moment is the most flourishing that has ever existed, certainly in modern times. What with these railroads, even the condition of the poor, which I admit was lately far from satisfactory, is infinitely improved. Every man has work who needs it, and wages are even high."

"The railroads may have improved, in a certain sense, the condition of the working classes almost as much as that of members of Parliament. They have been a good thing for both of them. And if you think that more labor is all that is wanted by the people of England, we may be easy for a time. I see nothing in this fresh development of material industry, but fresh causes of moral deterioration. You have announced to the millions that their welfare is to be tested by the amount of their wages. Money is to be the cupel of their worth, as it is of all other classes. You propose for their conduct the least ennobling of all impulses. If you have seen an aristocracy invariably become degraded under such influence; if all the vices of a middle class may be traced to such an absorbing motive—why are we to believe that the people should be more pure, or that they should escape the catastrophe of the policy that confounds the happiness with the wealth of nations?"

"The duke shook his head, and then said—'You should not forget we live in an artificial state.'

"So I often hear, sir," replied his son; "but where is the art? It seems to me the very quality wanting to our present condition. Art is order, method, harmonious results obtained by fine and powerful principles. I see no art in our condition. The people of this country have ceased to be a nation. They are a crowd, and only kept in some rude provisional discipline by the remains of that old system which they are daily destroying."

"But what would you do, my dear boy?" said his grace, looking up very distressed. "Can you remedy the state of things in which we find ourselves?"

"I am not a teacher," said Lord Montacute, mournfully; "I only ask you, I supplicate you, my dear father, to save me from contributing to this quick corruption that surrounds us."

"You shall be master of your own actions. I offer you counsel, I give no commands; and, as for the rest, Providence will guard us."

"If an angel would but visit our house as he visited the house of Lot!" said Lord Montacute, in a tone almost of anguish.

"Angels have performed their part," said the duke. "We have received instruction from one higher than angels. It is enough for all of us."

"It is not enough for me," said Lord Montacute, with a glowing cheek, and rising abruptly. "It was not enough for the apostles; for though they listened to the sermon on the mount, and

partook of the first communion, it was still necessary that He should appear to them again, and promise them a Comforter."

In contrast with these lofty ideas, be they true or false, let us catch a buzz of the chit-chat at a dance, whither, while negotiating for a yacht, at London, to take him to the Holy Land, Tancred is induced to go.

"In the meantime in the room leading to the sculpture gallery where they are dancing, the throng is even excessive. As the two great divisions, those who would enter the gallery and those who are quitting it, encounter each other, they exchange flying phrases as they pass.

"They told me you had gone to Paris!—I have just returned.—Dear me, how time flies!—Pretty dance, is it not?—Very.—Do you know whether the Madlethorpes mean to come up this year?—I hardly know; their little girl is very ill.—Ah! so I hear; what a pity, and such a fortune!—Such a pity with such a fortune!—How d've do? Mr. Coningsby here?—No; he's at the House.—They say he is a very close attendant.—It interests him.—Well, Lady Florentina, you never sent me the dances.—Pardon, but you will find them when you return—I lent them to Augusta, and she would copy them.—Is it true that I am to congratulate you?—Why?—Lady Blanche?—Oh! that is a romance of Easter week.—Well, I am really delighted;—I think such an excellent match for both; exactly suited to each other.—They think so.—Well, that is one point.—How well Lady Everingham is looking! She is quite herself again.—Quite.—Tell me, have you seen M. de Talleyrand here?—I spoke to him but this moment.—Shall you be at Lady Blair's to-morrow?—No; I have promised to go to Mrs. Guy Flouncey's. She has taken Craven Cottage, and is to be at home every Saturday.—Well, if you are going, I think I shall.—I would; everybody will be there."

The visionary young lord is thus disenchanted of Lady Constance, who has been reading the *"Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation,"* by Chambers:—

"After making herself very agreeable, Lady Constance took up a book which was at hand, and said, 'Do you know this?' And Tancred, opening a volume which he had never seen, and then turning to its title-page, found it was *'The Revelations of Chaos'*, a startling work just published, and of which a rumor had reached him.

"No," he replied; "I have not seen it."

"I will lend it you if you like; it is one of those books one must read. It explains everything, and is written in a very agreeable style."

"It explains everything!" said Tancred; "it must, indeed, be a very remarkable book!"

"I think it will just suit you," said Lady Constance. "Do you know, I thought so several times while I was reading it."

"To judge from the title, the subject is rather obscure," said Tancred.

"No longer so," said Lady Constance. "It is treated scientifically; everything is explained by geology and astronomy, and in that way. It shows you exactly how a star is formed; nothing can be so pretty! A cluster of vapor—the cream of the milky way—a sort of celestial cheese—churned into light—you must read it, 'tis charming."

"Nobody ever saw a star formed," said Tancred.

"Perhaps not. You must read the *'Revelations'*; it is all explained. But what is most interesting, is the way in which man has been developed. You know, all is development. The principle is perpetually going on. First, there was nothing, then there was something; then—I forgot the next—I think there were shells, then fishes; then we came—let me see—did we come next? Never mind that; we came at last. And the next change there will be something very superior to us—something with wings. Ah! that's it: we were fishes, and I believe we shall be crows. But you must read it."

"I do not believe I ever was a fish," said Tancred.

"Oh! but it is all proved: you must not argue on my rapid sketch; read the book. It is impossible to contradict anything in it. You understand, it is all science; it is not like those books in which one says one thing and another the contrary, and both may be wrong. Everything is proved—by geology, you know. You see exactly how everything is made; how many worlds there have been; how long they lasted; what went before, what comes next. We are a link in the chain, as inferior animals were that preceded us: we in turn shall be inferior; all that will remain of us will be some relics in a new red sandstone. This is development. We had fins—we may have wings."

Tancred grew silent and very thoughtful; Lady Brancapeth moved, and he rose at the same time. Lady Charmouth looked as if it were by no means necessary for him to depart, but he bowed very low, and then bade farewell to Lady Constance, who said, "We shall meet to-night."

"I was a fish, and I shall be a crow," said Tancred to himself, when the hall door closed on him. "What a spiritual mistress! And yesterday, for a moment, I almost dreamed of kneeling with her at the Holy Sepulchre! I must get out of this city as quickly as possible—I cannot cope with its corruption. The acquaintance, however, has been of use to me, for I think I have got a yacht by it. I believe it was providential, and a trial. I will go home and write instantly to Fitzheron, and accept his offer. One hundred and eighty tons—it will do—it must."

The boastful spirit of this scientific age is thus rebuked—the "possible consequences" of the withering of the humblest root are now matter of fearful history.

"I have sometimes dreamed such dreams," murmured Eva, looking down. "No, no," she exclaimed, raising her head, after a moment's pause—it is impossible. Europe is too proud, with its new command over nature, to listen even to prophets. Levelling mountains, riding without horses, sailing winds—how can these men believe that there is any power, human or divine, superior to themselves?"

"As for their command over nature," said Tancred, "let us see how it will operate in a second deluge. Command over nature! Why, the humblest root that serves for the food of man has mysteriously withered throughout Europe, and they are already pale at the possible consequences. This slight eccentricity of that nature, which they boast they can command, has already shaken empires, and may decide the fate of nations. No, gentle lady, Europe is not happy. Amid its false excitement, its bustling invention, and its endless toil, a profound melancholy broods over its spirit and gnaws at its heart. In vain they baptize their tumult by the name of progress; the whisper of a demon is ever asking them, 'Progress from whence to what?' Excepting those who still cling to your Arabian creeds, Europe—that quarter of the globe to which God has never spoken—Europe is without consolation."

There is one beautiful fiction which alone would redeem the book. Tancred and Fakredeen, the Lebanon prince, have succeeded in penetrating a mountainous district, hitherto inexorably shut against intruders, and are guests of the mysterious Queen of the Ansarey. We close with this—

"There was a pause, broken by the Queen, who, looking at her minister, said, 'Noble Kefelinis, the thoughts of these princes are divine, and in every respect becoming celestial things. Is it not well that the gates of the beautiful and the sacred should be closed?'

"In every sense, irresistible Queen, it is well that the gates of the beautiful and the sacred should not be closed."

"Then let them bring garlands. Princes," the Queen continued, "what the eye of no

stranger has looked upon, you shall now behold. This also is Asian and divine."

Immediately the chamber again filled. The Queen, looking at the two princes and bowing, rose from her seat. They instantly followed her example. One came forward, offering to the Queen, and then to each of them, a garland. Garlands were also taken by Kefelinis and a few others. Cypros and her companions walked first, then Kefelinis and one who had stood near the royal divan; the Queen, between her two guests, followed, and after her a small and ordered band.

They stopped before a lofty portal of bronze, evidently of ancient art. This opened into a covered and excavated way, in some respects similar to that which had led them directly to the castle of Gindaries; but, although obscure, not requiring artificial light, yet it was of no inconsiderable length. It emerged upon a platform cut out of the natural rock; on all sides were steep cliffs, above them the bright blue sky. The ravine appeared to be closed on every side.

The opposite cliff, at the distance of several hundred yards, reached by a winding path, presented, at first, the appearance of the front of an ancient temple; and Tancred, as he approached it, perceived that the hand of art had assisted the development of an intimation of nature: a pediment, a deep portico, supported by Ionic columns, and a flight of steps, were carved out of the cliff, and led into vast caverns, which art also had converted into lofty and magnificent chambers. When they had mounted the steps, the queen and her companions lifted their garlands to the skies, and joined in a chorus, solemn and melodious, but which did not sound as the language of Syria. Passing through the portico, Tancred found himself apparently in a vast apartment, where he beheld a strange spectacle.

At the first glance it seemed that, ranged on blocks of the surrounding mountains, were a variety of sculptured figures of costly materials and exquisite beauty; forms of heroic majesty and ideal grace; and, themselves serene and unimpassioned, filling the minds of the beholders with awe and veneration. It was not until his eye was accustomed to the atmosphere, and his mind had in some degree recovered from the first strange surprise, that Tancred gradually recognised the fair and famous images over which his youth had so long and so early pondered. Over his spirit stole the countenance august, with the flowing beard and the lordly locks, sublime on his ivory throne, in one hand the ready thunderbolt, in the other the cypress sceptre; at his feet the watchful eagle with expanded wings—over the spirit of the gazing pilgrim stole each shape of that refined and elegant hierarchy made for the worship of clear skies and sunny lands; goodness and god, genius, and nymph, and fawn,—and all that the wit and heart of man can devise and create, to represent his genius and his passion—and all that the myriad developments of a beautiful nature can require for their personification. A beautiful and sometimes flickering light played over the sacred groups and figures, softening the ravages of time, and occasionally investing them with, as it were, a celestial movement.

"The gods of the Greeks!" exclaimed Tancred. "The gods of the Ansarey," said the queen; "the gods of my fathers!"

"I am filled with a sweet amazement," murmured Tancred. "Life is stranger than I deemed. My soul is, as it were, unsphered."

"Yet you know them to be gods," said the queen; "and the Emir of the Lebanon does not know them to be gods."

"I feel that they are such," said Fakredeen.

"How is this, then?" said the queen. "How is it that you, the child of a northern isle—"

"Should recognise the Olympian Jove," said Tancred. "It seems strange; but from my earliest youth I learnt these things."

"Ah, then," murmured the queen to herself, and with an expression of the greatest satisfac-

tion, "Darkush was rightly informed; he is one of us."

"I behold then, at last, the gods of the Ansarey," said Fakredeen.

"All that remains of Antioch, noble Emir; of Antioch the superb, with its hundred towers, and its sacred groves and fanes of flashing beauty."

"Unhappy Asia!" exclaimed the Emir; "thou hast indeed fallen!"

"When all was over," said the queen; "when the people refused to sacrifice, and the gods, indignant, quitted earth—I hope not for ever—the faithful few fled to these mountains with the sacred images, and we have cherished them. I told you we had beautiful and consoling thoughts, and more than thoughts. All else is lost—our wealth, our arts, our luxury, our invention—all have vanished. The niggard earth scarcely yields us a subsistence; we dress like Kurds—feel hardly as well; but if we were to quit these mountains, and wander like them on the plains with our ample flocks, we should lose our sacred images—all the traditions that we yet cherish in our souls, that in spite of our hard lives preserve us from being barbarians—a sense of the beautiful and the lofty, and the divine hope, that, when the rapidly consummating degradation of Asia has been fulfilled, mankind will return again to those gods who made the earth beautiful and happy; and that they, in their celestial mercy, may revisit that world which, without them, has become a howling wilderness."

"Lady," said Tancred, with much emotion, "we must, with your permission, speak of these things. My heart is at present too full."

"Come hither," said the queen, in a voice of great softness; and she led Tancred away.

They entered a chamber of much smaller dimensions, which might be looked upon as a chapel appended to the cathedral, or Pantheon, which they had quitted. At each end of it was a statue. They paused before one. It was not larger than life, of ivory and gold; the color purer than could possibly have been imagined, highly polished, and so little injured, that at a distance the general effect was not in the least impaired.

"Do you know that?" asked the Queen, and she looked at the statue, and then she looked at Tancred.

"I recognise the god of poetry and light," said Tancred; "Phœbus Apollo."

"Our god: the god of Antioch, the god of the sacred grove! Who could look upon him, and doubt his deity?"

"Is this indeed the figure," murmured Tancred, "before which a hundred steers have bled? before which libations of honeyed wine were poured from golden goblets? that lived in a heaven of incense?"

"Ah! you know all."

"Angels watch over us!" said Tancred, "or my brain will turn. And who is this?"

"One before whom the pilgrims of the world once kneeled. This is the Syrian goddess; the Venus of our land, but called among us by a name which, by her favor, I also bear—As-TARTE."

### Miscellany.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.—"It is always more in sorrow than in anger (says a very English writer, in a London weekly of May 15th), that we regard the misdeeds of the Americans. Owning with them a common origin, connected with them by the ties of blood, we are sensible of a participation in their disgraces. Their misconduct is a reproach to the whole Anglo-Saxon family."

The feeling here indicated upon the part of the British branch of Anglo-Saxonhood towards the Alleghanian type of the same race, is (much to our sympathizing regret) troubling the heart of England exceedingly in this her latter day. Those who deem it hypocritical, or who think that our worthy sister of Albion

frets herself unfruitfully about the evil doings of her brother of Alleghany, should remember how often we too have recoiled in horror and disgust when tracing her murderous course in India. We felt that our blood alliance with her race made us as it were co-sharers in the reproach with which mankind must visit her manifold atrocities. Let no friend of universal philanthropy, then, take exception to the tone of stupid arrogance and matchless hypocrisy, that the uncharitable and the blind of heart may insist upon detecting in the following passages from the same article.

"But chiefly on a ground higher than that of mere consanguinity do we view with regret those acts, by which the fair fame of America is tarnished, and her name become a by-word among nations."

Now do let the irritated American, who kindles with wrath at this suggestion of his country's name becoming "*a by-word among nations*," let him only reflect how at the very moment, "on higher grounds than that of mere consanguinity," his indignation is roused at every arrival from England, when he reads of the despicable meanness with which the awful consequences of her centuries of flagitious crime in Ireland are met by our Anglo-Saxon brothers of the isles. Let him reflect, we say, upon this, and while he scouts at the free British Constitution as hollow mockery, and mourns for outraged humanity generally, his mind will be in a state of sympathetic condolence with his Anglo-Saxon brother, as he peruses the following plaint in continuation of the above :

"We lament her crimes, principally because they bring discredit on the principles of her constitution; because they are a scandal to the cause of liberty; because they give occasion to its enemies to triumph. We see how readily they are seized upon by the advocates of despotism, and held up as exhibiting the failure of the great experiment of free institutions. The American system of government is a glorious theory, of which, by the opponents of popular progress, these delinquencies are adduced in scornful refutation. To American dishonesty, and American slavery, the absolutist and bigot point in confirmation of their creed. They cite Lynch Law as the consequence of trusting a people with freedom. A like handle has been furnished to them by the selfishness and rapacity which dictated the Mexican invasion; and still further have their hands been strengthened by the mode in which it has been carried on."

A mode we Americans are driven to confess not much better than that pursued by our Anglo-Saxon brothers towards the Chinese, a few years since, and almost as painful as that which they now "carry on" towards the Caffres. Alas! our English friend undervalues the tie of "*mere consanguinity*," for naught but that bond could make two nations thus sympathetic in their conduct, and their humane views of that conduct, when its consequences become irreparable. But let us follow our clear-breasted, liberal-viewed brother, a little further :

"In general, the atrocities of what is called civilized warfare have been modified by some sentiment of humanity. Their inherent murderousness has been palliated by a certain show of mercy, a qualified forbearance, under the names of honor and chivalry. There was a mutual agreement that men should confine themselves to the slaughtering of fellow men. It was understood that the work of butchery should not extend to the massacre of unoffending women and children. To spare neither sex nor age was a barbarity of which none were supposed capable but savages. Did we merely know that the cruelties enacted at Vera Cruz had been committed by Americans, we might not be surprised. We should conclude that their perpetrators were

the ferocious tribes who scalp and roast their victims alive. The wild Indians, who dance round their victims at the stake, might be judged capable of warring upon womanhood and infancy. But no! The destroyers of the weak and the defenceless, the besiegers of boudoirs, they who bombarded drawing-rooms and nurseries, were American citizens.

Full as much at least as those, who the other day rained their grape-shot from "that bridge" upon the flying Sikhs, until the river beneath ran blood, were English subjects—were the same men, whose brutal and fiend-like deeds at Badajoz and Ciudad Rodrigo sicken with horror each reader of Napier's historic page.\*

"Let the star-spangled banner henceforth advance to the appropriate battle-cry of a war-whoop. Let the American eagle moult its feathers and assume the plumage of a vulture. We repeat, that it is with deep sorrow that we are thus constrained to speak."

We have not the slightest doubt of it. All English writers upon this country are afflicted with the same "deep sorrow;" and from the days of Fearon and Faux, and the old Quarterly Review, in Gifford's day, we never knew one of them that spoke, unless he were "thus constrained to speak." The thing is natural enough; Anglo-Saxon brothers are just like any other brothers. It is the duty of the elder always to look after the younger; and though old John may himself

"The primrose path of *murderous* dalliance tread,"

he is by no means discharged from his natural duty in scorning young Jonathan when following in the same gory trail.

But there seems to us something or other unsound or wrong, something cloudy and obscure somewhere in the whole matter. In short (we don't want to startle the age by the announcement, but we must make it in a quiet way), we believe the essence of Mr. Douglas Jerrold's furious article is to be found in the greatest humbug of this era of Leviathan humbugs; we mean the humbug of ANGLO-SAXONISM, and that idea of "kindred nations" which the writers of England are trying to fasten upon this country like a barnacle.

Now, as it happens, the Celtic races are so largely represented among us, that when we add to our population derived from this stock the vast accessions we have formerly received, and still continue to receive, from Continental Europe, a shrewd prophet might urge, that the Celt is here again to grow into ascendancy and become the instrument, in the hands of Providence, to avenge the wrongs of the world upon the Anglo-Saxon.

It is perhaps safe to say that scarcely more than one half our people are of Anglo-Saxon descent. Of these, not one third are of un-

\* Badajoz, Ciudad-Rodrigo, and we may add St. Sebastian, "where," as Alison relates, "while the wretched inhabitants, driven from house to house, as the conflagration devoured their dwellings, were soon huddled together in one quarter, where they fell a prey to the unbridled passions of the soldiery. Attempts were at first made by the British officers to extinguish the flames, but they proved vain amid the general confusion which prevailed; and soon the soldiers broke into the burning houses, pilaged them of the most valuable articles they contained, and rolling numerous spirit casks into the streets, with frantic shouts emptied them of their contents, till vast numbers sank down like savages motionless, some lifeless, from the excess. Carpets, tapestry, beds, silks and satins, wearing apparel, jewelry, watches, and every thing valuable, were scattered about upon the bloody pavements, while fresh bundles of them were continually thrown down from the windows above, to avoid the flames, and caught with demoniac yells by the drunken crowds beneath. Amid these scenes of disgraceful violence and unutterable woe, nine-tenths of the once happy smiling town of St. Sebastian was reduced to ashes; and what has affixed a yet darker blot on the character of the vicious deeds were perpetrated hitherto rare in the British army, and which cause the historian to blush, not merely for his country, but for his species."

mixed English origin, and this English origin derived about equally from the Puritans of Cromwell's wars, and the Cavaliers of Charles II.'s day, make us about as much akin in moral and intellectual character and physical appearance, to the Englishman of the present Anno Domini, as the John Bull of to-day is to the Englishman of the days of King John. Our forefathers were plucked from amid that strange insular Ishmaelitish people by the hand of Providence itself, and placed upon this broad continent, as a nucleus around which the representatives of all the races of Europe might rally, to form a new and peculiar branch of the human family. And when the vicissitudes of an ever-changing climate had done its most in bringing out new developments of temperament; and when countless physical and moral circumstances, acting with stringent and spontaneous effect upon scattered communities, had measurably banded us into a homogeneous people, the same Providence, at the expiration, —not of forty years wandering, but of more than a century and a half of trial in the wilderness—called us to take our place among the nations of the earth; called us as a People to be responsible at His bar with other nations, and to meet his judgments here and hereafter as he has proclaimed them to the nations, long ere the cosmopolite's infidel doctrine of mixing up mankind in one general responsibility, was preached by humanitarian bigotry. England need not fear being called upon to bear our "reproach" at that bar, and may heaven in its mercy forbid that our so called kindred blood should make us the joint heirs of *hers*! The concentrated wickedness of our seventy years of nationhood would not fill one year's record of her crimes against the human family within the same period of time. Why, put the horrors of this unhappy and regretted Mexican war at the worst, there is not a tale of slaughter, or even an invented story of misery, that comes from beyond the Rio Bravo, to compare in horror with the details of wretchedness which each packet brings across the Atlantic from the fated island, which England has governed for centuries. No Mexican village, where American arms have once attained sway, no province, where American rule has been dominant, has suffered as has each county of Ireland, from Cromwell's day till this. Were every rood of land in Mexico subjected to our rule to-morrow, as Ireland has been to that of England for centuries, neither we, nor any other people upon God's earth, but that purely selfish Anglo-Saxon race, would fold our arms, while the conquered land withered in famine and pestilence. And it is this race of heartless egotists which in its unholy might has stalked through groaning India, like some fabled monster, breathing fire and desolation, till these became the very atmosphere of its countless victims—it is these Anglo-Saxon scourges of the earth, that dare to hold up America to the reprobation of the nations! But we are getting in earnest and we really did not intend it, for the monstrous humbug of the thing is too gross to provoke resentment,—too flagrantly and farcically impudent to call forth serious indignation.

We must not take leave of the subject, however, without calling attention to the consistency of this ingenuous English writer, who we believe belongs to that amiable class of men, who figure in "world's conventions," and peace societies, and strive in their mission to "keep up the consanguinity of nations," by writing such articles as these we have commented upon, and illustrate them with letters written by the officers of one service, reflecting as follows upon the officers of another service:

"With mingled pain, humiliation, and disgust, we quote from the *Liverpool Albion* the following passage; the statement of an eye-witness of the transaction to which it relates:—

"How VERA CRUZ WAS TAKEN.—On board H. M. S. *Darling*, *Sacrificios*, 28th of March, 1847.—Last night the town of Vera Cruz and the Castle of St. Juan de Ulloa capitulated to the Americans. The terms I cannot ascertain with certainty, but of this I am satisfied, that the latter have gained no honor in the business. *It has been a dastardly affair on the part of the Yankees.* Since the 9th inst. they have had Vera Cruz surrounded by 14,000 to 15,000 men, and, though it was only defended by 4,000, one-half of whom were militia, *they dared not attack it like men,*\* but from a distance threw shells into it until one-fourth the town was in ashes, and a great number of women and children destroyed. The Mexicans have shown uncommon pluck. The Americans gave it out that their batteries on shore were to play only on the castle, whilst their fleet attacked it on the other side. *They have not, however, had the courage to try their strength on the castle* (notwithstanding their heavy fleet), but have contented themselves with ingloriously shelling helpless Vera Cruz."

The English "liberal," "peace man," "philanthropist," "world's conventionist," "cosmopolite," &c., winds up his comments upon this letter, by declaring emphatically—

"Certainly in the capture of Vera Cruz a stroke has been inflicted upon Mexico; but as certainly that stroke has been a coward's blow."

When one of the cleverest and most popular writers in England can, in one of its most widely circulated periodicals, speak thus indecently of a whole people, an American may make up his own mind whether or not our cousin of England does not hate us with a degree of envenomed cordiality, which, when his emissaries preach about the pursuit of arms being a folly and a madness in this age of enlightened progress, should make us remember the wolf's Jesuitical advice to the shepherd in the fable, and keep our dogs well fed, instead of hanging them, as that silly shepherd did. For ourselves, we do not believe in the *delenda est Carthago* policy, and we should be very sorry to see a war with England, for we are growing a little too rapidly at present; besides, unless more gradually trained to the use of power, we might misuse it as sadly as she does, and at the same time hypocritically croak the while about the doings of some new strippling State, that is growing up to Anglo-Saxon Thug-hood in the Australian seas.

The article upon which we have commented appeared in a literary journal, and, therefore, came legitimately within the sphere of our comments in this paper. But the *London Times*, of May 10th, has a column in a similar strain, and the *London Spectator*, of May 14th, is equally dire in its denunciations. We repeat,

\* The writer of this precious missive would evidently have had Gen. Scott imitate Wellington's choice in carrying a town by storm, as a more humane process than bombarding it. Hear the Manifesto of the Spanish Junta, upon the conduct of the British troops in the city which Wellington, according to Alison, was too merciful to "shell."

"Oh wretched day! O cruel night! Pillage, assassination and rape were pushed to an incredible pitch, and the fire which broke out early in the night, after the enemy had retired to the castle, put the finishing stroke to the scene of woe. On all sides were heard cries of distress from women, who were violated without regard either to tender youth, respected family, or advanced years. Women were outraged in presence of their husbands, daughters dishonored in presence of their parents—one girl was the victim of brutality on the corpse of her mother! Other crimes more horrible still, which our pen refuses to record, were committed on that awful night, and the disorders were continued some days after, without any efficient steps being taken to arrest them. Of above six hundred houses, of which St. Sebastian consisted on the morning of the assault, there remained at the end of three days only thirty-six."

that if each nation is to be held up to the scorn of the world for its political outrages, we are perfectly willing that our seventy years of national existence should be contrasted side by side with that of England for the last seventy years. There is not one count in the indictment which England can prefer against us, for which we cannot furnish ten to convict her at the bar of Humanity. Nor could there be a greater proof of her dotage than her raising such a question as this, when our towns are crammed with foreign paupers, made wretched by her wars and her oppressions—the paupers—her paupers, daily fed by the people whom she so monstrously calumniates. Odious as is the Mexican war to vast numbers of the American people, the well informed among them know, that the mode in which it has been carried on is humanity itself, compared with the brutality of England's wars; and however we may recoil at the Anglo-Saxon principles upon which that war was instituted, were they ten times as depraved, we could not be justly humiliated, in our own opinion, by the light in which humane and virtuous England pretends with such unblushing effrontery to rebuke us before the nations.

#### SONNET.

"Life is a system of Compromises."

No. 1.

Oh! for a touch of those heroic days  
When neither sordid thrift, nor sensual lure,  
Nor indolence, the deadly and the sure  
Corrupter of the heart which it betrays,  
Could turn the soul from high and loyal ways.  
Oh! for the mailed Knight, strong to endure  
Or flee Armida spells—lofty and pure  
To tread unharmed her garden's wildering maze,  
The devious path, the false and glozing tongue  
Were scaly dragons, in their loathsome den,  
'Gainst which he quaintly urged chivalric  
deed—  
Nor silken couch, nor syren-luring song,  
From Honor, Truth, and Right, beguiled the  
men  
Of that brave iron age and massive creed.

Eos.

#### The Fine Arts.

We come now to speak of the department of sculpture, a branch of art that can scarcely be said at present to obtain an equal share of attention with painting; a result evidently arising from the circumstance that works of sculpture have not in sufficient numbers and excellence been held steadily before the public, wherewith to grow the taste that is to appreciate it. Of late years, sculpture has rested in the hands of a few individuals, of whom we may name Greenough, Persico, Ball Hughes, and Pettrick, names familiar to the art-loving public through their works, who have made sculpture and the embodiment of ideas in marble prominent. With the appearance of Powers, a new era dawned upon this department of the fine arts, and a stride was apparent, which it is hoped, for the sake of recovering some of the old time enthusiasm, may again recur at reasonable intervals.

In observing the Busts by Powers, for little else has been seen here of his, that having been, heretofore, more particularly his sphere, we feel how much his works gain by careful attention to finish, elaboration, of the desired quality, which, accompanied by a proper conception of the *whole*, entering into the most minute detail, without for a moment losing sight of the *general*, in reality working the minutiae only to obtain greater perfection of the mass, gives the stamp of a master work, and shows the absence of that off-hand and incom-

plete character, too common in sculpture, from the practical difficulty of going further in the unyielding quality of marble. But Powers is not among us, and we can only appreciate his high excellence by report, or in proportion as his commissions are from this side of the Atlantic.

Kneeland, with some other names of no mean repute, at present, occupies the field of sculpture. His busts are of superior quality, but in justice to the character of his work, it should always be in marble or bronze, for the attention he bestows upon the production of pulpiness in his figures, a quality so opposite to the wooden character of ordinary modelling, and on the value of which he lays peculiar emphasis, can never be rendered, at least to that degree he acquires in his clay, after the process of moulding and casting his works is complete. As an example of a marble bust from his chisel, we may quote the one recently exhibited in the New York Gallery.

Before commenting upon the works named in the catalogue of the exhibition, we would suggest, that in order to a more extended display of sculpture, in our future exhibitions, the gentlemen composing the council of our academy would do well to make such provision as is practicable for a more advantageous exhibition of works of sculpture than they have afforded them this year. We can easily imagine the difficulties that exist in regard to placing them in the middle of the rooms, when the convenience of visitors is so much to be consulted. The necessity of having as much room in the centre as possible, and the difficulty of disposing of so large a number of works of art with reasonable justice to all, has left them no alternative, and it has been placed as well as it could be under the circumstances. The chief objection to its present position is, that the light is not a proper one for the favorable display of such works. The production of works of art, both in quantity and quality, is marvellously on the increase, owing, in no small degree, to the impetus given to it by the establishment of the Art Union, and by it a more rapid growth of public taste, so that the council of the academy will now begin to have more room to discriminate in the reception of the pictures and other works, into their exhibitions—to dispense with mediocrity, and leave convenient spaces in the angles of their rooms, now that we are almost ensured of having contributions in marble and plaster. Certainly it can be no hindrance to the cause of art, to give a just preference to true excellence in one department, over that less worthy of applause in another. There are a few pictures placed for the sake of symmetry in corresponding positions on the walls that might, without impropriety, give place to some of the busts or *bas-reliefs* in the adjoining rooms.

The appearance of the works of Mr. Brown in the academy since his return from Europe, and his intended sojourn in New York, may be considered as marking quite a little era in the history of sculpture among us. Persons who delight to adorn their dwellings with objects of refinement, thus diffusing through their household nice perceptions of beauty, have gone far in giving commissions to Mr. Brown—a new feature in the art of sculpture in our country. Some of our churches, too, have, by well-timed patronage, brought into existence works of a sacred character, and we earnestly hope it may lead the way to the multiplication of such works as those by the celebrated Arey Scheffer, who has given us an elevated example in his "Christus Consolator," now grown so popular through the prints, a composition which few

could contemplate without the kindling of elevated emotions, or without feeling the efficacy of this mode of imparting religious instruction. Mr. Brown's works in our exhibition are well calculated to display with tolerable justness the quality of his genius. They are of two classes. The REBEKAH will afford pleasure to all, while the four bas-reliefs are more particularly adapted to the appreciation of artists. It will, perhaps, be saying everything that can be said if we call them *classic*—and of Mr. Brown, sufficient, that he is an artist, easy, free, and able in execution, with a full complement of poetry and sentiment in his powers of composition. The four seasons are academic and classic in their treatment, a strong and pleasing embodiment of the idea intended to be conveyed. The composition is superior to their other qualities, such as character, individuality, beauty of form and drawing, though generally excellent in these respects. As they are carried about as far in finish as the few bas-reliefs we have seen by Thorwaldsen, we presume they are carried to the degree that plaster models of this description usually are. Of course the sculptor in this particular is himself the best judge of what is required, but we certainly think that subjects sufficiently large, and of such material as to admit of the portraying and development of the greatest degree of beauty, of sentiment, of form, and of execution, best compensate for, or, in common phrase, *pay* for the labor bestowed, albeit very small sized works in marble, and especially in plaster, do not admit of a high degree of finish.

The *Pleiades*, a bas-relief on the opposite wall, is a beautiful example of the composition of a number of figures artfully interwoven. In point of form, particularly in some of the limbs, it is not equal to its excellence as a composition. The Rebekah, a half-sized full length in marble, is graceful and dignified in the *pose*; the head, though general in its character, is yet very beautiful; the arms are disposed with a great deal of elegance. The hands, we are inclined to think, are slightly too large, and the fingers too heavy. It is executed with great care. The drapery we have reserved for a closing remark. All these works bear evidence that Mr. Brown possesses more taste and judgment in the arrangement of draperies, and attends more carefully to this particular than, perhaps, any artist we have. His works are almost uniformly superior in this respect. The nearest thing to fault occurs in the figure of Ruth, in the New York Gallery, where the front folds fall in three equal quantities. The best meed of praise we can offer to Mr. Brown is that he is *an Artist*—an epithet which will not always apply to the *professors* of either painting or sculpture.

The bust of *Flora*, by Ives, is a charming work, well modelled and sweet in character, and the mere circumstance that the artist has chosen to surround the bust with a trellis of flowers and basket work, is no reason why Powers should, to the sculptor's disadvantage, be quoted as having been before him in a similar treatment of the subject, unless Powers has purchased a copyright; then, indeed, the objection might be considered a reasonable one.

The *Bust of a Girl*, in the same room, by JOSEPH MOSIER, has a merit uncommon to the generality of heads in marble when we see the formal front face action. The head is slightly turned aside, inclining forwards and downwards, which produces an air of agreeable animation. The model was a pleasing one, and the artist has wrought with a relish. There is a little flatness on the head, which doubtless was a peculiarity in the model.

In the other small room will be found a clever bust of *John C. Calhoun*, by MOSIER, a bust of *J. J. Audubon*, and a pleasing medallion in marble of *Mrs. Sigourney*.

Our pilgrimage through the catalogue—no enviable one, by the by, is ended. Our cherished hope is, that some may profit by it, though we do not; and above all, we trust, that our remarks, when we have had occasion to find fault, have not inflicted half the pain upon others that we have suffered in penning them.

### Music.

THE season at Palmo's closed with the revival of the Semiramide. The orchestral music alone of this opera amply repays an evening's attendance. Beneventano sang finely in the terzetto of the first act. Barilli was obviously too ill to appear, and excited to a painful degree the sympathies of the audience, by the evident conflict between a desire to do herself justice, and bodily languor and pain. Madame Pico, as Arsace, sustained the interest of the piece, and atoned for all other deficiencies. The Havana troupe, during their two months' sojourn in Boston, brought out no less than twenty different operas; while the managers at Palmo's have only produced eight, the entire season. We hope the error of judgment heretofore committed, will lead to a more effective superintendance at the new opera house, in the autumn.

The Havana Company opened at the Park with Verdi's Opera of *The Two Foscari*. Tedesco did not appear. It is the manager's policy, we suppose, to keep his most effective attraction in reserve awhile. Rainieri, who performed the character of Young Foscari's wife, has musical knowledge and no inconsiderable energy, but her high notes are exceeding shrill, and neither her voice nor manner at all *simpatica*, as the Italians say when they would express decided geniality. The tenor is obviously well educated in his profession and refined in his style, but in compass and quality of tone he is not to be compared with Benedetti. The basso is unexceptionable, and acted and sang with great effect. The chorus and orchestra are excellent, but with these exceptions, and that of Tedesco, the Palmo troupe was preferable. An admirable company might be gleaned by a judicious selection from the two.

### Extracts from New Books.

#### THE WORLD OF BOOKS.

LEIGH HUNT, of all recent British essayists, has the most constant flow of animal spirits. Although tinged with cockneyism, he is remarkably cheerful, and has a decided genius for the philosophy of enjoyment. Those who have read the "Indicator," "Seer," and other collections of his fugitive writings, will hail a new literary miscellany from his pen, entitled "Men, Women, and Books." It will soon be republished by Harper & Brothers. Meantime we give our readers a taste of its quality, in the following extract.]

TO THE EDITOR OF TAIT'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,—To write in your Magazine makes me feel as if I, at length, had the pleasure of being personally in Scotland, a gratification which I have not yet enjoyed in any other way. I dive into my channel of communication, like another Alpheus, and reappear in the shop of Mr. Tait; not pursuing, I trust, anything *fugitive*, but behaving very unlike a river-god, and helping to bring forth an Edinburgh periodical.

Nor will you, sir, who enter so much into the interests of your fellow-creatures, and know so well of what their faculties are capable, look upon this kind of presence as a thing so purely unreal as it might be supposed. Our strongest proof of the existence of anything amounts but to a proportionate belief to that effect; and it would puzzle a wise man, though not a fool, to prove to himself that I was not, in some spiritual measure, in any place where I chose to pitch my imagination. I notice this metaphysical subtlety, merely, in the first place, to baulk your friend the Pechler, should he think it a settled thing that a man cannot be in two places at once (which would be a very green assumption of his); and secondly, the better to impress a conviction which I have,—that I know Scotland very well, and have been there many times.

Whether we go to another country on these occasions, in the manner of a thing spiritual, our souls being pitched out of ourselves like rockets or meteors; or whether the country comes to us, and our large souls are inhabited by it for the time being, upon the principle of the greater including the less,—the mind of man being a far more capacious thing than any set of square miles,—I shall leave the curious to determine; but if I am not intimate with the very best parts of Scotland, and have not seen them a thousand times, then do I know nothing of Burns, or Allan Ramsay, or Walter Scott, or Smollett, or Ossian, or James the First, or Fifth, or snoods, or cockernonies, or gloamin', or barks and burnies, or plaids, bonnets, and phillabegs, or John Knox, or Queen Mary, or the Canongate, or the Calton Hill, or Hume and Robertson, or Tweedsdale, or a haggis, or cakes, or heather, or reels and strathspeys, or Glengarry, or all the clans, or Auld Robin Gray, or a mist, or rappee, or second sight, or the kirk, or the cutty-stool, or golf and hurling, or the Border, or Bruce and Wallace, or bagpipes, or bonnie lasses.

"A lover's plaid and a bed of heath," says the right poetical Allan Cunningham, "are favorite topics with the northern muse. When the heather is in bloom, it is worthy of becoming the couch of beauty. A sea of brown blossom, undulating as far as the eye can reach, and swarming with wild bees, is a fine sight." Sir, I have seen it a million times, though I never set eyes on it.

Who that has ever read it, is not put into visual possession of the following scene in the "Gentle Shepherd"?

A flowrie howm between twa verdant braes,  
Where lasses used to wash and spread their  
claes;  
A trotting burnie, wimpling through the ground,  
Its channel pebbles shining smooth and round:  
Here view twa bare-foot beauties, clean and  
clear.

Or this?—

The open field.—A cottage in a glen;  
An auld wife spinian at the sunny en'.

Or this other, a perfect domestic picture?—

While Peggy laces up her bosom fair,  
Wi' a blue snood Jenny binds up her hair;  
Glaud by a morning ingle takes a beek,  
The rising sun shines mottly through the reek,  
A pipe his mouth, the lasses please his een,  
And now and then a joke maun intervene.

The globe we inhabit is divisible into two worlds; one hardly less tangible, and far more known than the other,—the common geographical world, and the world of books; and the latter may be as geographically set forth. A man of letters, conversant with poetry and ro-

mance, might draw out a very curious map, in which this world of books should be delineated and filled up, to the delight of all genuine readers, as truly as that in Guthrie or Pinkerton. To give a specimen, and begin with Scotland,—Scotland would not be the mere territory it is, with a scale of so many miles to a degree, and such and such a population. Who (except a patriot or a cosmopolite) cares for the miles or the men, or knows that they exist, in any degree of consciousness with which he cares for the never-dying population of books? How many generations of men have passed away, and will pass, in Ayrshire or Dumfries, and not all the myriads be as interesting to us as a single Burns? What have we known of them, or shall ever know, whether lairds, lords, or ladies, in comparison with the inspired ploughman? But we know of the bards and lasses, and the places which he has recorded in song; we know the scene of *Tam o' Shanter's* exploit; we know the pastoral landscapes above quoted, and the scenes immortalized in Walter Scott and the old ballads; and, therefore, the book-map of Scotland would present us with the most prominent of these. We should have the border, with its banditti, towns, and woods; Tweedside, Melrose, and Roslin, *Edina*, otherwise called Edinburgh and Auld Reekie, or the town of Hume, Robertson, and others; Woodhouselee, and other classical and haunted places; the bower built by the fair hands of *Bessy Bell* and *Mary Gray*; the farm-houses of Burns's friends; the scenes of his loves and sorrows; the land of *Old Mortality*, of the *Gentle Shepherd*, and of *Ossian*. The Highlands, and the great blue billowy domains of heather, would be distinctly marked out, in their most poetical regions; and we should have the tracks of Ben Jonson to Hawthornden, of *Rob Roy* to his hiding-places, and of *Jeanie Deans* towards England. Abbotsford, be sure, would not be left out; nor the house of the *Antiquary*,—almost as real a man as his author. Nor is this all; for we should have older Scotland, the Scotland of James the First, and of "Peebles at the Play," and Gawin Douglas, and Bruce, and Wallace; we should have older Scotland still, the Scotland of Ariosto, with his tale of "Ginevra," and the new "Andromeda," delivered from the sea-monster at the Isle of Ebuda (the Hebrides), and there would be the residence of the famous *Launcelot of the Lake*, at Berwick, called the Joyeuse Garde, and other ancient sites of chivalry and romance; nor should the nightingale be left out in Ginevra's bower, for Ariosto has put it there, and there, accordingly, it is and has been heard, let ornithology say what it will; for what ornithologist knows so much of the nightingale as a poet? We would have an inscription put on the spot—"Here the nightingale sings, contrary to what has been affirmed by White and others."

This is the Scotland of books, and a beautiful place it is. I will venture to affirm, sir, even to yourself, that it is a more beautiful place than the other Scotland, always excepting to an exile or a lover; for the former is piqued to prefer what he must not touch; and, to the latter, no spot is so charming as the ugliest place that contains his beauty. Not that Scotland has not many places literally as well as poetically beautiful: I know that well enough. But you see that young man there, turning down the corner of the dullest spot in Edinburgh, with a dead wall over against it, and delight in his eyes? He sees No. 4, the house where the girl lives he is in love with. Now what that place is to him, all places are, in proportion, to the lover of books,

for he has beheld them by the light of imagination and sympathy.

China, sir, is a very unknown place to us,—in one sense of the word unknown: but who is not intimate with it as the land of tea, and *china*, and *ko-tous*, and pagodas, and mandarins, and Confucius, and conical caps, and people with little names, little eyes, and little feet, who sit in little bowers, drinking little cups of tea, and writing little odes? The Jesuits, and the tea-cups, and the novel of Ju-Kiao-Li, have made us well acquainted with it; better, a great deal, than millions of its inhabitants are acquainted—fellows who think it in the middle of the world, and know nothing of themselves. With one China they are totally unacquainted, to wit, the great China of the poet and old travellers, Cathay, "seat of Cathian Can," the country of which Ariosto's *Angelica* was princess-royal; yes, she was a Chinese, "the fairest of her sex, Angelica." It shows that the ladies in that country must have greatly degenerated, for it is impossible to conceive that Ariosto, and Orlando, and Rinaldo, and King Sacripant, who was a Circassian, could have been in love with her for having eyes and feet like a pig. I will deviate here into a critical remark, which is, that the Italian poets seem to have considered people the handsomer the further you went north. The old traveller, it is true, found a good deal of the beauty that depends on red and white, in Tartary and other western regions; and a fine complexion is highly esteemed in the swarthy south. But *Astolfo*, the Englishman, is celebrated for his beauty by the Italian poets; the unrivalled *Angelica* was a Chinese; and the handsomest of Ariosto's heroes, *Zerbinus*, of whom he writes the famous passage "that nature made him, and then broke the mould," was a *Scot*chman. The poet had probably seen some very handsome Scotchmen in Romagna. With this piece of "bribery and corruption" to your national readers, I return to my subject.

Book-England on the map, would shine as the Albion of the old Giants; as the "Logres" of the Knights of the Round Table; as the scene of the Amadis of Gaul, with its *island of Windsor*; as the abode of fairies, of the Druids, of the divine Countess of Coventry, of Guy, Earl of Warwick, of *Alfred* (whose reality was a romance), of the Fair Rosamond, of the Arcades and "Comus," of Chaucer and Spenser, of the poets of the Globe and the Mermaid, the wits of Twickenham and Hampton Court. Fleet Street would be Johnson's Fleet Street; the Tower would belong to Julius Caesar; and Blackfriars to Suckling, Vandyke, and "Dunciad." Chronology, and the mixture of truth and fiction, that is to say, of one sort of truth and another, would come to nothing in a work of this kind; for, as it has been before observed, things are real in proportion as they are impressive. And who has not as "gross, open, and palpable" an idea of *Falstaff* in East Cheap, as of *Captain Grose* himself, beating up his quarters? A map of fictitious, literary, and historical London, would, of itself, constitute a great curiosity. So would one of Edinburgh, or of any other city in which there have been great men and romantic events, whether the latter were real or fictitious. Swift speaks of maps, in which they

"Place elephants for want of towns."

Here would be towns and elephants too, the popular and the prodigious. How much would not Swift do for Ireland, in this geogra-

phy of wit and talent! What a figure would not St. Patrick's Cathedral make! The other day mention was made of a "Dean of St. Patrick's" *now living*; as if there was, or ever could be, more than one Dean of St. Patrick's! In the Irish maps we should have the Saint himself driving out all venomous creatures (what a pity that the most venomous retain a property as *absentees*!) and there would be the old Irish kings, and O'Donoghue with his White Horse, and the lady of the "gold wand" who made the miraculous virgin pilgrimage, and all the other marvels of lakes and ladies, and the Round Towers still remaining to perplex the antiquary, and Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," and Goldsmith himself, and the birth-places of Steele and Sterne, and the brief hour of poor Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and Carolan with his harp, and the schools of the poor Latin boys under the hedges, and Castle Rackrent, and Edgeworth's town, and the Giant's Causeway, and Ginleas and other classical poetries, and Spenser's castle on the river Mulla, with the wood-gods whom his pipe drew round him. Ireland is wild ground still; and there are some that would fain keep it so, like a forest to hunt in.

The French map would present us with the woods and warriors of old Gaul, and Lucan's *witch*; with Charlemaine and his court at Tours; with the siege of Paris by the Saracens, and half the wonders of Italian poetry; with *Angelica* and *Medoro*; with the Castles of Orlando and Rinaldo, and the traitor Gan; with part of the great forest of Ardenne (Rosalind being in it); with the gentle territory of the Troubadours, and Navarre; with "Love's Labor Lost," and "Vaucluse;" with Petrarch and Laura, and the pastoral scenes of D'Urfe's romance, and the "Men-Wolves" of Brittany, and the "Fairy of Lusignan." Napoleon, also (for he too was a romance), should be drawn as a giant, meeting the allied forces in the neighborhood of Paris.

Italy would be covered with ancient and modern romance; with Homer, Virgil, Ovid, Dante, Boccaccio, &c., with classical villas, and scenes Elysian and infernal. There would be the region of Saturn, during his Age of Gold, and the old Tuscan cities, and Phaeton in the north, and the syrens and fairies at Naples, and Polyphemus in Sicily, with the abodes of Boiardo and Ariosto, and Horace's mount Soracte, and the Cross of St. Peter, and the city in the sea, and the golden scenes of Titian and Raphael, and other names that make us hear the music of their owners: Pythagoras also with his philosophy, and Petrarch with his lute. A circle of stars would tell us where Galileo lived; and the palace of Doria would look more than royal towards the sea.

I dare not, in this hasty sketch, and with limited time before me, indulge myself in other luxuries of recollection, or do anything more than barely mention the names of Spain, Fontarabia, and Cervantes; of Greece; of Persia, and the "Arabian Nights;" of Mount Caucasus, and Turkey, and the Gothic North; of El Dorado and Columbus; or the sea-snakes, floating islands, and other marvels of the ocean; not forgetting the *Atalantis* of Plato, and the regions of Gulliver and Peter Wilkins. Neither can I have the pleasure of being suffocated with contemplating, at proper length, the burning deserts of Africa; or of hearing the ghastly sounds of its old satyrs and *Ægipans* in their woody hills at night-time, described by Pomponius Mela; or of seeing the stormy Spirit of the Cape, stationed there for ever by Camoens, and whose stature on the map would be like a mountain. You will be good enough

to take this paper as nothing but a hint of what such a map might contain.

One word, however, respecting a heresy in fictitious belief, which has been uttered by Rousseau, and repeated, I am sorry to say, by our excellent poet Wordsworth, the man of all men who ought not to reduce a matter of fact to what might be supposed to be its poverty. Rousseau, speaking of the banks of the Lignon, where the scene of the old French romance is laid, expresses his disappointment at finding there nothing like the beautiful things he fancied in his childhood; and Mr. Wordsworth in his poem of "Yarrow, Visited and Unvisited," utters a like regret, in speaking of the scene of the "bonny bride—the winsome marrow." I know there is such an opinion abroad, like many other errors; but it does not become men of imagination to give in to it; and I must protest against it, as a flat irreligion. I do not pretend to be as romantic in my conduct as the Genevese philosopher, or as poetical in my nature as the bard of Rydal-mountain; but I have, by nature, perhaps, greater animal spirits than either; and a bit of health is a fine prism to see fancies by. It may be granted, for the sake of argument, that the book-Lignon and the book-Yarrow are still finer things than the Lignon and Yarrow geographical; but to be actually on the spot, to look with one's own eyes upon the places in which our favorite heroes or heroines underwent the circumstances that made us love them—this may surely make up for an advantage on the side of the description in the book; and, in addition to this, we have the pleasure of seeing how much has been done for the place by love and poetry. I have seen various places in Europe, which have been rendered interesting by great men and their works; and I never found myself the worse for seeing them, but the better. I seem to have made friends with them in their own houses; to have walked, and talked, and suffered, and enjoyed with them; and if their books have made the places better, the books themselves were there which made them so, and which grew out of them. The poet's hand was on the place, blessing it. I can no more separate this idea from the spot, than I can take away from it any other beauty. Even in London, I find the principle hold good in me, though I have lived there many years, and, of course, associated it with every common-place the most un-poetical. The greater still includes the less: and I can no more pass through Westminster, without thinking of Milton; or the Borough, without thinking of Chaucer and Shakspeare; or Gray's Inn, without calling Bacon to mind; or Bloomsbury Square, without Steele and Akenside—than I can prefer brick and mortar to wit and poetry, or not see a beauty upon it beyond architecture, in the splendor of the recollection. I once had duties to perform, which kept me out late at night, and severely taxed my health and spirits. My path lay through a neighborhood in which Dryden lived; and though nothing could be more commonplace, and I used to be tired to the heart and soul of me, I never hesitated to go a little out of the way, purely that I might pass through Gerard Street and so give myself the shadow of a pleasant thought.

I am, sir, your cordial well-wisher,  
A LOVER OF BOOKS.

*The Cadet de Colobrières.* A Tale. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 1847.

An entertaining story, translated from the French of Madame Charles Reybaud, founded on the history of the old convents of Paris.

### Varieties.

**THE INSPIRATION OF MUSIC.**—When music and poetry were wedded together in the days of the Troubadours, their union was thought to make them *one*; and in this sense they were always spoken of as "the joyous art." It is pleasant in the obstinate divorce that has since existed between them to find either occasionally owing its inspiration to the other; and especially so when two gifted minds are driven to poetic utterance from a similar impulse, as in the two following sonnets; both of which are so fraught with feeling while differing so much from each other in expression, that either might be the pendant of the other in a series of poems upon music.

#### ON AN ARIA OF BLANGINI,

"Vanne al mio bene."

THE wind's sad song through ocean's echoing cave,

The wave's deep sob a foundered bark above,  
A mother's wail beside the span-long grave  
Which holds the earliest blossom of her love,  
The dove's low plaining thro' the high-arched grove,

Where falling waters blend their monotone  
With rustling leaves, and that deep-cadenced moan,

While evening's breath the closing blossoms move,—

The sweetest, saddest music ever heard  
From earth's rich harp with all its thousand strings,  
Comes to my fancy, and my soul is stirred,  
As by the waving of an angel's wings,  
When that deep, thrilling melody hath spoken  
Its tale of hallowed grief, its death-song of hearts broken.

Emma C. Embury.

March 8th, 1846.

#### ON A SYMPHONY OF BEETHOVEN.

"TERRIBLE music, whose strange utterance  
Seem'd like the spell of some dread conscious trance;

Impotent misery, helpless despair,  
With far-off visions of things dear and fair;  
Restless desire, sharp poignant agonies;  
Soft, thrilling, melting, tender memories;  
Struggle and tempest, and around it all,  
The heavy muffling folds of some black pall  
Stifling it slowly; a wild wail for life,  
Sinking in darkness—a short passionate strife  
With hideous fate, crushing the soul to earth;  
Sweet snatches of some melancholy mirth;  
A creeping fear, a shuddering dismay,  
Like the cold dawning of some fatal day:  
Dim faces growing pale in distant lands;  
Departing feet, and slowly severing hands;  
Voices of love, speaking the words of hate,—  
The mockery of a blessing come too late;  
Loveless and hopeless life, with memory,—  
This curse that music seem'd to speak to me."

Fanny K. Butler's "Year of Consolation."

"Time sadly overcometh all things," says Sir Thomas Browne in his chapter on Mummies; and what a new paragraph would Sir Thomas have added to that chapter, could he have read the following from a late London journal:

**MUMMY SCRIP FROM EGYPT.**—Speculation has taken a new turn respecting the mummies of Egypt. Formerly the question was, why were they made? The more utilitarian spirit of the present day inquires, what can be made of them? It is actually proposed to strip them of their manifold wrappers of sumptuous linen, in order that the cloth may be manufactured into paper, for the profit of the Pasha's Government! The details are given in an article of *Lo Spettatore Egiziano*, an Italian newspaper recently started in Grand Cairo, and conducted with great zeal and ability.

The writer, whose proposal had been already

laid before the Government, sets out by assuming that embalming was practised in Egypt for at least twenty-one centuries, that is from the time of Joseph to the birth of Christ. Allowing 33 years to a generation, the population (700,000) must have been renewed about sixty and a half times during the 21 centuries. That is to say, 420 millions of bodies must have been mummified in that period. Estimating the cloth employed in wrapping them up at two kilogrammes (four pounds) per mummy, there would be a total of 840 million kilogrammes, or 8,400,000 metrical quintals of cloth, which may be used for the manufacture of paper. Now supposing that even one-half of this quantity has been destroyed by the Arabs and others, let us ask what value may be assigned to the remaining 4,200,000 metrical quintals.

"Here," says the ingenious speculator, "it is necessary to observe, that the cloth which encloses the mummies is all of the finest linen; and everybody knows how superior the paper manufactured from yarn is to that made from other substances. The rags that serve for the preparation of paper are now sold in France at the rate of 200 piastres (50f.) per metrical quintal. Subtracting from this sum 100 piastres for expenses, or rather more, to keep always below an impossible *minimum*, there will nevertheless remain a total of 420,000,000 piastres, or 105,000,000 f., or 21,000,000 dollars. Only admitting the half of this result, viz. 10,500,000 dollars, every one will agree that this industrial resource, reduced to its very lowest proportions, would, nevertheless, yield an immense profit to his Highness the Pasha of Egypt."

Shakspeare perhaps, alone of all men, might have anticipated this quaint desecration, for he knew that

"Great Alexander dead and turned to clay  
Might stop hole to keep the wind away."

But worthy Sir Thomas Browne could never have penned the following majestic sentence had he divined that even the very ceremonys of the speechless mummies would hereafter be compelled to "mumble something."

"Time sadly overcometh all things, and is now dominant, and sitteth upon a sphynx, and looketh unto Memphis and old Thebes; while his sister, Oblivion, reclineth, semi-somnous on a pyramid, gloriously triumphing, making puzzles of Titanean erections, and turning old glories into dreams. History lurketh beneath her cloud. The traveller, as he paceth amazedly through these deserts, asketh of her who builded them, and she mumbleth something, but what it is he heareth not."—Sir T. Browne's Chapter on Mummies.

"The most curious incident," says the *Union Monarchique*, "that occurred at the meeting of the officers of the National Guard in the galleries of the Louvre, was that of beholding a chief of battalion, dressed in his grand uniform, and whose breast was covered with twelve decorations—five crosses, four ribbons, and three collars! Pending the two hours during which the officers waited in the grand gallery, that officer was constantly surrounded by a crowd, anxiously inquiring in what kingdoms, in what battles, and for what exploits he had gained more orders than ever figured on the breast of Turenne or Massena! The enigma was soon solved: the name of 'M. Alexandre Dumas' having been uttered, curiosity ceased, and made room for raillery."

**ROME.**—The 2,590th anniversary of the foundation of the Eternal City was celebrated on the 21st, with unusual solemnity. A grand banquet took place in the Baths of Titus, at which patriotic speeches were delivered, amidst the deafening applause of the eight hundred guests, and the twenty or thirty thousand spectators present at the fête.—*Spectator*.

## Recent Publications.

*The American Loyalists, or Biographical Sketches of Adherents to the British Crown in the War of the Revolution: Alphabetically arranged; with a Preliminary Historical Essay.* By Lorenzo Sabine. Boston: Little & Brown. 1847. 8vo. pp. 733.

"OBLIVION is not to be hired," says Sir Thomas Browne. "The greater part must be content to be as though they had never been, to be found in the register of God, not in the record of man." The history of American Loyalists confirms the truth of these words. It is natural, indeed, that the mere course of time should snatch the greater number of past generations from the memory of men, but there are some causes—causes, having their rise in principles of general application, which have contributed to cast an almost impenetrable shade over the memory of most of those Americans who took up arms in opposition to the popular side during our war of Independence. We cannot now refuse to believe that there may have been conscientious and well grounded differences of opinion with regard to the course which was then to be adopted: that among the Loyalists may have been found men acting from as high principles of duty as any of those who had staked all for the defence of liberty. Their efforts, however, were, most happily, fruitless, and at the close of the war those who remained in this country found themselves much in the position of the few puritans who remained faithful to the "good old cause," on the return of Charles II. Their motives were maligned, their hopes were blighted, their prospects were ruined, and they were compelled to seek a forced exile, or voluntary retirement, and pass day by day from the memory of men. For, gradually, new topics of interest arose, new thoughts and actions occupied the hearts and the counsels of the people, old ill-feelings lost their bitterness as they gave way to new divisions and party strife. Still more than one generation must pass away before the smoke which hangs low over the field upon which each successive battle of life is fought, rises high enough to allow the scene and the combatants to be distinctly viewed and impartially judged. Two hundred years have passed in which the character of Cromwell has found few unprejudiced judges, but perhaps a long enough time has elapsed since the excitement of the revolutionary struggle to allow of a true estimate being put on the characters of most of those engaged in it. As regards a portion of them Mr. Sabine's volume is likely to be of much use. The facts which he has laboriously collected cannot fail to assist in forming a correct opinion of the position and importance of the Loyalists.

Mr. Sabine has been favorably known for some years past as a writer in the *North American Review*, and the Preliminary Remarks attached to the work before us bear evidence of original thought, careful and extensive research, and a vigorous style. We say, the Preliminary Remarks, for the body of the work is made up of Biographical Notices of those adherents to the British crown concerning whom Mr. Sabine could find anything to record, and the brevity which he is obliged to adopt, for the most part, in this portion of his work, renders it more useful as a book of reference, than interesting as a work of narrative. Of the interest of the preliminary historical essay we cannot speak too highly. It has placed in a new light before us the internal distractions which embittered the colonies before the war began, and it has surprised us as showing the vast numbers and influence of those Americans who remained attached to the royal cause during the war. The harshness of the measures, which, when the Whig cause had finally triumphed, were in many cases adopted towards the Tories, are spoken of by Mr. Sabine in that spirit of impartiality, and with that right feeling which it should be the object of every historian to cultivate and preserve.

"As it was, we not only dealt harshly with many, and unjustly with some, but doomed to misery others, whose hearts and hopes had been as true as those of Washington himself. Thus in the divisions of families which everywhere occurred, and which formed one of the most distressing circumstances of the conflict, there were wives and daughters, who, although bound to Loyalists by the holiest ties, had given their sympathies to the right from the beginning; and who now, in the triumph of the cause which had had their prayers, went meekly—as woman ever meets a sorrowful lot—into hopeless, interminable exile.

"While intending to be just, I have felt that I might also be generous. The winners in the revolutionary strife are now twenty millions of people; and, strong, rich, and prosperous, can afford to speak of the losers in terms of moderation. Besides,

'Can he be strenuous in his country's cause,  
Who slight the charities for whose dear sake  
That country, if at all, must be beloved?'

But there is a lesson to be drawn from the work, as it seems to us, which it would be well for us all in these times of excited party feeling to lay to heart. It would be well for us to remember, that, however widely political opinions may differ, however much this difference of opinion may affect the conduct of life, and however mistaken that conduct may seem in our opinion, the account for it is not to be rendered to us. That it is not for us to set up our standard of infallibility, and praise or condemn according as our standard is attained or missed; and that any violent endeavor to force others to conform to our opinions, will be certain to result with injury to the cause we have at heart. In the words of Dr. Franklin, in a letter to his royalist son, let us remember, that, "We are all men, subject to errors. Our opinions are not in our power; but are formed and governed much by circumstances that are often as inexplicable as they are irresistible."

*St. Clair; or The Protegé. A Tale of the Federal City.* By J. E. T. Wm. Taylor & Co.

THOSE who remember "A Winter in Washington," a novel which made some talk about a year since, will be curious to look into Mr. Tuel's Sketches of society in the same metropolis to see what attractions it offers at present. His work, he tells us in the preface, "has experienced all the disadvantages of neglect in not having that care bestowed upon it which an attention to other duties more important if not as sacred would allow." "St. Clair," therefore, without laying claim to the elaborate finish of a novel strictly dramatic or narrative, professes to be nothing more than a simple recital of a few of the ordinary incidents of a work of fiction, embodied into a simple plot without any immediate reference to personal or political events. This, we fear, in these days of piquant Washington correspondence, will hardly satisfy the many who will expect in "A Tale of the Federal City," to have the curtain which veils its social and political mysteries drawn with a bolder and more vigorous hand than our author has in this instance cared to put forth. We make an extract from which the reader may form a general idea of the quality of the book.

"But, my dear Walton, there is no chameleon like the disciple of the world. I thought as you before my heart, in its unstained purity, came in contact with the world and reflected a darker shade."

"But be not too much the chameleon of the world. Methinks we might reject much of the foul air that renders us susceptible of the darker shades of life. I fear you have fed upon it too long. Dismiss it for a lighter food."

"I must take that which the world gives me, my friend. And it is a caterer which does not consult dainty tastes."

"Oh, Claude, you would be too fine for it—a very epicure, to suit whose appetite the world must needs be perfection."

"You talk thus to me, and knowing as you do, Walton, the vicissitudes of life that I have experienced, or, carrying out your playful metaphor, the dishes I have tasted. Verily, my friend, I have eaten the poisons of the world; and yet you speak of my dainty appetite, as if I had tasted nothing bitter. You may well talk so—you who have but eaten the sweets of life; you have no cause to complain of the food."

"I protest that you are a bad judge of this food, Claude. You have formed too high a criterion of what should be the world's skill, or you have yourself, by a perversity of taste, mixed the good with the bad food of life."

"Enough of this sensual comparison, George Walton. If you speak of the taste of the heart—it's pure, its refined taste, which, to indulge any other, would be death to it—that is accustomed to exercise judgment in its moral appetite which would revolt at anything deceptive, treacherous, or false, I confess I can understand you. But when you speak of a taste whose fastidiousness would not eschew such a food, I freely admit my destitution of it. Therein I would exercise my moral epicureanism and reject it. Methinks, though, that some men have made feasts on lies and calumny for the heart, as others have adopted strange food for the stomach."

"Every man to his taste, say I; if they reject a healthier food, let them indulge that kind of luxury; it is not forced upon you. And you are not disposed, I presume, to undertake the 'moral reform' of such an appetite."

"Not as long as I am spared from contributing to it. But so sure as it puts its teeth upon me it shall be shark against shark."

"Then as surely will you be eaten up."

"I care not for that, so that I cause a tickling in the throat. But, to dismiss this subject, are you prepared to give me a definite answer in the matter which I broached at the beginning of our interview? Will you bear for me a message to St. Clair?"

"I will," replied Walton. "I know that if St. Clair has been unguarded in any remark that he has made concerning you he will at once make reparation by a prompt denial and apology."

"I wish you to understand me in this matter. I wish you to perform the part of a trusty friend to me upon this occasion. I wish you to observe every particle of my injunctions as one who confides to you his honor. Sincerely do I wish you to feel the part you are to act for me this day. Let your heart be your prompter, and your honor your guide, and you need have no fear of a failure in this your first appearance upon an untrdden stage."

"This is your advice to me, the player in this piece, to your Hamlet. Well, my Prince of Denmark, I will try to play this part the best I may. But I think if my heart were my prompter, as you say, that I would make a sorry business of it. But as my honor is to act a little piece of justice to the mercy of my heart, I presume I may count upon a tolerable applause in this new scene of my life."

"True—true—there is nothing like studying your part for everything you play. The stage of the world has some novelty to present to its crowded audience every day. Necessity makes some of us actors, while others look on to either hiss or applaud. For myself, I commenced life in a farce. It will be my fate to reverse the mimic stage, by ending it in a tragedy. I might have played the little harmless character to perfection, but nature, or circumstance, I will insist upon it, broke out a new vein, and hence my new character. But for this I might have continued in the little grotesque part which received the amiable applause of laughter; and not have undertaken the serious one which calls forth tears. But methinks this is the ingenious contrivance of nature in the allotment of her various tasks in life. She gives us the ability to sustain them with every change of circumstance."

"Yes," said Walton, "and nature is some-

times a manager in distress. She makes us play a part for which she never designed us. We smile sometimes, when we feel more like weeping, and then again we play the tragic when we are just in as good a humor to play the comic."

"That proves my remark on the versatility of nature's power. But it must be confessed, that there are occasions when her greatest powers are tasked to sustain the distressed parts which her necessity imposes."

"That is true—and the part I am about to play for you, Claude Alden, is a straining of my natural powers; and were it not for the necessity which the circumstances of the case impose, I would utterly despair of all success in the matter. But as it is, I will do my best to make a successful *debut*."

Thus ended this novel rehearsal.

*Morning and Evening Meditations, for every Day in a Month.* Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1847.

AMONG the various works by religious authors, both in England and this country, there are passages of remarkable literary merit and devotional feeling. We have only to instance Channing, Buckminster, Deck, and Martineau, to recall many familiar instances. Readers of all sects alike enjoy such writings, apart, as they are, from theological dogmas. The compiler of this volume has therefore rendered good service to all possessed of Christian sympathies. We understand the volume was edited by a daughter of the late Dr. Carpenter, of England. The verse is from such poets as Montgomery, Heber, Barton, &c.; and the prose from Ware, Greenwood, Jeremy Taylor, Dr. Tuckerman and others. The book is very handsomely printed

*The Boy's Summer Book.* By Thomas Miller. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1847.

THIS is a volume for youth, which may be confidently praised. Its author has established a wide reputation as an agreeable writer on rural subjects; and he has carefully employed this talent to produce a work to enlighten and interest youth. It is written in a pleasing, colloquial style, and is descriptive of seasons, scenery, rural life, and country amusements. The wood cuts are superior, and the letter-press corresponds. We quote a brief specimen to give an idea of the author's manner, and the material of which the "Boy's Summer Book" is composed:

"THE WASP'S NEST.

"Reaumur states, that for twenty years he endeavored, without success, to discover the materials employed by wasps in forming the blue, grey, papery substance, so much used in the structure of their nests. One day, however, he saw a female wasp alight on the sash of a window; and it struck him, while watching her gnawing away the wood with her mandibles, that it was from such materials as these she formed the substance which had so long puzzled him. He saw her detach from the wood a bundle of fibres, about the tenth of an inch in length, and finer than a hair; and as she did not swallow them, but gathered them into a mass with her feet, he had no doubt but that his opinion was correct. In a short time he saw her shift to another part of the window, and carry with her the fibres which she had collected, and to which she continued to add. He then caught her, and began to examine her bundle, and found that it was neither yet moistened nor rolled into a ball, as it is always done before being used by the wasp in her building. He also noticed that, before detaching the fibres, she bruised them into a kind of lint with her mandibles. All this he imitated with his penknife, bruising and paring the same wood till it resembled the fibres collected by the wasp; and so he discovered how wasps manufacture their paper; for these fibres are kneaded together into a kind of paste, and when she has formed a round ball of them, she spreads it out into a leaf, nearly as thin as tissue paper; and this she accomplishes by moving backward, and levelling it with her mandibles, her tongue, and her teeth. And so the wasp forms paper,

placing layer upon layer, fifteen or sixteen sheets deep, and thus preventing the earth from falling down into her nest."

*The Heroines of Shakspeare.* Illustrated by Charles Heath. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1847.

THIS beautiful series of engravings designed to embody Shakspeare's fair creations is rapidly drawing to a close. Separately or complete, the work is most tasteful, and at the same time economical. All the heads are fairly conceived, and exhibit a characteristic expression. Some of them are exquisite. The publishers have issued two editions. One accompanied by the admirable commentary of Mrs. Jameson, and the other, elucidated by brief, but adequate extracts from the original plays.

*The Ladies' Vase; or, Polite Manual for Town Ladies.* By an American Lady. Hartford: Henry S. Parsons. 1847.

THE miniature volumes of which this is a fair specimen, have had a great sale, and their mechanical beauty and cheapness sufficiently account for the fact. The "Ladies' Vase" is a manual designed for the improvement of the young ladies, and contains both practical counsel and religious sentiment.

*Christian Consolation.* Sermons designed to furnish comfort and strength to the afflicted. By A. P. Peabody. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1847.

A WORTHY companion to Greenwood's *Sermons of Consolation*—to which the same remarks are applicable as are bestowed upon that work in a recent number. The author is pastor of the South Church, Portsmouth, N H., and has been long known as an able writer, and fervent preacher. His present work abounds with suggestions drawn from observation and faith, and couched in select and beautiful language.

*The Words of Christ.* From the New Testament. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1847.

ONE of the best devised Sunday School Manuals we have seen, being a complete selection from the New Testament, of the language of Christ brought connectedly together, apart from all extraneous language.

*The History of Sunday Schools, and of religious education, from the earliest times.* By Lewis G. Pray. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1847.

A VOLUME of great interest to all who have at heart the subject discussed. The author is a layman, an experienced and ardent Sunday School teacher. This volume contains many authentic facts drawn from various sources.

*Modern Standard Drama.* Nos. 3, 10, and 50. New York: Berford & Co. 1847.

THREE specimens of a work which has been uncommonly successful. It is designed to contain every play now acted. Being issued in separate numbers, purchasers can supply themselves as occasion demands, and the pamphlets are bound up in neat volumes every half year for libraries. Those before us are *Macbeth*, *The Lady of Lyons*, and *Used Up*—a tragedy of established renown, a brilliant play by a living author, and a very amusing afterpiece, by Charles Matthews—three productions, which exhibit in striking contrast the multiform taste of modern playgoers. This work is much enhanced in value by containing the stage directions, costumes, cast of characters, and in many instances, very clever introductory remarks by Epes Sargent, the tasteful editor of the series.

*Rain. A Rural Summer Reminiscence.* By Rev. R. Hoyt. New York: C. Shephard.

FROM the fact that this is the seventh number of the Sketches, as Mr. Hoyt modestly calls his poems, we infer that he has been encouraged by the sale, to continue the novel style of publication adopted. At the cheap rate of sixpence each poem, and in some cases two or more, are

sold in the pamphlet form, but in very neat typography and the finest paper. Mr. Hoyt's poetry is distinguished by careful finish, simplicity of diction, and gentle beauty. We commend it to all lovers of chaste and tranquil effusion.

*The Young Churchman's Miscellany.* Edited by Rev. J. A. Spencer, A. M. New York: 1847.

THIS is a very useful Magazine for juvenile readers attached to the Episcopal Church; while by presenting a large portion of articles of a purely secular character, it commands itself to the family circle of every persuasion. It is neatly printed, and may be found at the bookstore of Stanford & Swords.

*A Grammar of the English Language for the use of Schools.* By W. H. Wells, M.A. New York: Huntingdon & Savage. 1847.

THERE seems to be no end to the number of English Grammars published in this country. If the people are deficient in the syntax and prosody of their vernacular, it certainly will not arise from want of manuals. The editor of the United States Gazette, after having waged more than a Seven Years War with his brother of the Boston Courier—on sundry grammatical problems—has brought out a text book, and we hear of numerous other grammars issued by individuals to promulgate their views.

Mr. Wells's grammar is the result of considerable experience as a teacher. He taught a class of teachers, and examined several grammatical works in connexion with a systematic course of English reading. Upon the deficiencies in similar works thus made familiar, he constructed the grammar before us, which seems adapted to great practical use.

*The Life of Edmund Kean.* Third Edition. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1847.

EVERY one remembers Campbell's beautiful valedictory stanzas written on the occasion of Kemble's retiring from the stage—and the effective mode wherein the permanent triumphs of the poet, painter, and sculptor are contrasted with the evanescent glory of the actor. In the case of Edmund Kean this appeal is robbed of much of its pathos by the singular hold his genius has taken upon the imaginations of his auditors. They still rehearse his peculiarities with enthusiasm, and every succeeding actor has only revived his fame. He was eminently individual, and represented the school of nature in opposition to the artificial dignity of Kemble and his imitators. He created an epoch and developed an original phase of the dramatic art. The best criticism extant upon Kean's acting is by R. H. Dana. The tragedian did not hesitate to express the contempt he felt for ordinary newspaper criticism, but when shown the copy of the *Idle Man* containing the essay on his performances, he exclaimed, "This man understands me." Kean, as his biographer asserts, owed as little to the example of others as any actor that ever appeared before the public; and this very independence of style and conception makes him interesting in the retrospect. In the present apathy which prevails on the subject of the drama, it is curious to trace its past history—especially the memorable periods of the British stage, when literary taste and high fashion lent it their steady countenance. It is not difficult from the facts brought together in this volume, assisted by the personal reminiscences of some of Kean's old and ardent admirers, to form a tolerable idea of his acting. He obviously regarded his profession as an art, and studied its principles accordingly. He frequented insane asylums to watch the unconscious exhibition of the passions, and society was a field of observation wherein not a hint in the natural expression of mind or feeling was lost upon him. He often mentioned to his intimate friends the point in the drama he was about to enact, which would reveal its success or failure—being certain that if his conception was not at once recognised it would fail to impress the audience at all. Like all great artists,

his creations required to be seen from his own point of view. He aimed to enlist the sympathies not in fragmentary touches and isolated bursts of passion, but in his feeling of the character as a whole. He was a comprehensive actor; and whether reading the impressive Burial Service of the English Liturgy or performing Richard, he identified himself entirely with the sentiment of the occasion.

This life of Kean is attributed to Barry Cornwall. It contains an authentic history of the remarkable vicissitudes of fortune—the years of obscurity and the subsequent triumphs of its hero. Many of the anecdotes are very characteristic. It is, however, a melancholy book—the brilliancy of natural gifts ever in painful contrast with bitter fortunes or perverse habits. The present is the third edition, and is issued in a cheap form.

*The Virginia Springs.* By John J. Moorman, M.D. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. 1847.

No one should visit the celebrated watering-places of the south without a copy of this useful little work. It contains an analysis of each spring, observations upon their respective influence, and directions for the use of the white sulphur water. The diseases to which this panacea is applicable are also specified. To these chapters—all-important to the invalid visitor, are added a review of some parts of Mr. Burke's work on the mineral springs of Western Virginia, and an account of different routes to the springs. The volume is neatly printed and in a convenient form.

*Physiology, designed for the use of Schools and Families.* By Mrs. L. N. Fowler. New York: Fowler & Wells. 1847.

This little work explains in very simple language, some of the facts of physiology—particularly those which relate to the structure of the frame. It is designed for juvenile readers, and is illustrated by several wood-cuts.

*The Beautiful Widow.* By T. S. Arthur. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.

This can scarcely be called a novel, although it is so denominated on the title-page. It is one of those cheaply-issued tales of unexceptionable moral tendency, by which the author has made himself widely known and esteemed.

### Publishers' Circular.

**VATTEMARE'S LITERARY LEAGUE.**—The project of a great Scientific Federation, binding together all the learned institutions of the civilized world, was thought, but a few years since, as wild a chimera as any of the most fanatical dreams of Humanitarianism; and the enthusiastic apostle of the New System—a European, untitled, and without fortune or connexions—whose independence of character made him not hesitate to exercise his ingenious talents as a ventriloquist during his wanderings—was by many denounced as a mere charlatan. "Monsieur Alexandre," or M. Alexandre De Vattemare, as he is now known, was meanwhile introducing himself everywhere to the influential great by his wondrous powers of mimic entertainment, and at the same time establishing friendly relations with them, which should insure their kindly countenance, if not their warm co-operation, in his grand scheme, when the time should be ripe for putting it into action. Many years have now passed since he first visited this country on his beneficent mission; and at that time many of us may have witnessed the address with which—after winning the good-will of some select circle, by the amiable display of his ventriloquial gifts—he has, ere the evening was over, brought them all to listen with interest to the project to which his life is devoted.

A second visit here some years after, further matured his plans; and now—well known throughout the world, as the originator and indefatigable

promoter of the system of international exchanges of literary and scientific works—VATTEMARE has returned to the United States, bringing with him from France an immense collection of volumes, maps, engravings, &c., &c., presented at his suggestion, by various scientific bodies, as well as by the government of France, to similar institutions in this country. Nor are the objects of Vattemare's Literary League bounded by this mere exchange of existing books, and duplicate specimens of natural history in the libraries and collections of different countries. We have now before us, one of several Blanks of questions and answers, embracing all the essential details of the police of a great city. Questions for instance regarding the laying out and arrangement of streets, public squares, fountains, mode of pavement, sewerage, gas lights, aqueducts, the weights and measures used, &c. Suppose now the answers to these questions, filled up by persons well informed, in each well ordered city in Christendom; and then suppose the information thus gained about the municipal economy of each interchanged among them all, what a mass of useful information is thrown into the common stock of civilization! As with municipal so with agricultural economy, Vattemare's Literary League proposes the interchange of all practical information in a similar way; while writers upon agriculture shall be at the same time offering their theories to the widest practical test, by interchanging treatises upon the subject the wide world over, through the facilities which the Literary League will afford them. In the field of mechanic invention especially, the benefits of this scientific federation must hereafter be incalculable; while the results already attained by Mr. Vattemare in several branches of his system, entitle him to the warmest gratitude of the human family.

Among other valuable works which he has brought with him, we understand that M. Vattemare has a copy of the superb quarto edition of La Place, obtained by LE VERRIER from the University of Public Instruction in France, as a present for the City of Cincinnati.

### ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Messrs. H. H. HAWLEY & Co. of Utica, will publish early next month "The Elements of Geometry with Practical Applications, by George R. Perkins, Professor of Mathematics in the State Normal School." This House published recently a second edition of "A Treatise on Algebra," by the same author.

ROBERT CARTER has in press (from advance sheets received per steamer), D'Aubigné's new work on Cromwell, entitled "The Protector, a Vindication, by J. H. Merle D'Aubigné, D.D.," one vol. 12mo., in half cloth 37½ cents, in full cloth 50 cents.

JOHN W. MOORE of Philadelphia, will publish in a few days "An Agricultural Botany," by Dr. Darlington.

### NEW WORKS PUBLISHED IN LONDON FROM THE 28TH OF APRIL TO THE 13TH OF MAY.

ALLEN (W.)—*The Life of William Allen: with Selections from his Correspondence.* (In 3 vols.) Vol. 3, 8vo. pp. 464, cloth, 8s.

ANDERSEN (H. C.)—*A Picture-Book without Pictures.* By Hans Christian Andersen. From the German translation of De La Motte Fouqué, by Meta Taylor. Square, pp. 94, boards, 2s. 6d.

APOLLYON and the Re-action of the Slavonians: with a Review of the Political State of Europe under the Action of Contending Principles. By Colonel F. Buller. 8vo. pp. 256, cloth, 7s. 6d.

ARTHUR (T. S.)—*The Maiden: a Story for my Young Countrywomen.* By T. S. Arthur. 32mo. pp. 148, sewed, 6d.

ASSAM.—*A Sketch of Assam: with some Account of the Hill Tribes.* By an Officer in the Hon. East India Company's Service. 8vo. pp. 225, with 16 colored plates, woodcuts, and a map, cloth, 14s.; calfskin, 20s.

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BOOLE (G.)—*The Right Use of Leisure: an Address delivered before the members of the Lincoln Early Closing Society, Feb. 9, 1847.* By George Boole. 8vo. (Lincoln), pp. 26, sewed, 6d.

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BUNBURY (S.)—*The Gold Ring and the Robin; or, the History of Little Rose.* By Selina Bunbury. 18mo. pp. 34, sewed, 4d.

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